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June 20th 1838

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES;

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY J. RUSLING,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN THE M. E. CHURCH.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

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JOHN E. WADE,
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PREFACE.

The author of this work feels great diffidence in appearing before the public; but the solicitations of numerous friends have served as an inducement. With respect to the moral sentiment of his pieces, the Holy Scriptures were his model; and in reference to style, he has studied plainness;—the whole resulting from the improvement of leisure hours. In early life he entered the gospel ministry, and continued therein until afflictions caused a suspension of those labours. Under these circumstances, he offers this production to his friends, hoping that his private exercises may be rendered beneficial to the cause of God, and the devotion of his readers.

J. RUSLING.

Philadelphia, August, 1836.

School of Theology
at Claremont

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To the Rev. Joseph Rusling

My Dear Brother,—I am glad you are about publishing your occasional poetical pieces, under the unassuming title of "Devotional Exercises." I have been examining the proof-sheets which you sent me, and am satisfied the collection is well calculated to awaken and sustain the devotion of the Christian's heart. I give this testimony to the collection, though you have not asked it, because I believe it ought to be widely circulated.

Very respectfully,

J. P. DURBIN.

Philada. Aug. 13, 1836.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Prayer for Special Favours,	9
For Holiness,	11
Preparation for Heaven,	12
The Saviour's Love,	13
Thou canst make me clean,	14
Who hath loved me and died for me,	15
Prayer for Gospel Privileges,	16
Prayer and Confidence,	18
Invocation,	19
Prayer for a Blessing,	20
Preparation for Heaven,	21
The Lord's Supper,	22
Jesus, our Lord,	24
Our Advocate,	25
The Cross,	26
The Good Shepherd,	27
Redemption,	28
Jesus, rule thou over us,	29
The invitation,	31
"Behold what manner of Love,"	33
Jesus' Name,	35
Redemption,	38
"There is no other Name given,"	39
The opened Fountain,	41
For the Holy Ghost,	43
For Divine Favour,	43
Devotion,	45
My wants are before thee,	45
Thy Kingdom come,	48
For Special Grace,	49
Redeeming Love,	50
Prayer for Blessings,	51
Faith,	52
Praise,	53
For Holiness,	54
Divine Love,	55
Redeeming Love,	56
Thy will be done,	57
Supplication,	58
The Religion of our Fathers,	60
Sabbath Schools,	61
Sabbath Schools,	61
Deliverance from evil,	63
Worship,	64
Abraham's God,	65

	PAGE
This is our God,	67
Sabbath Schools,	69
What is love?	70
My great Redeemer's love to me,	71
Give me a lot with thy people,	72
Preparation for Heaven,	75
Thy will be done,	76
Create in me a clean heart,	77
Whom have I in Heaven but thee?	78
Hymn of Praise,	79
Fulness of Love,	80
Living on Christ,	81
The Cross, Redemption, Glory,	83
Remember me,	85
Looking for Heaven,	87
The Servant like his Master,	88
Desiring the Love of God,	89
Hymn of Praise,	90
For full Salvation,	92
For the Holy Spirit,	93
Our Future Rest,	94
The Saviour's Love to all,	95
Hymn of Praise,	97
Worship,	99
To the Trinity,	100
Devotional,	101
Desiring access to God,	102
What is Religion,	104
Remember me,	106
The Majesty of God,	107
Happy is such a people,	109
In Affliction,	111
Am I a holy Christian?	112
Divine Intercourse,	115
The House of God,	116
Family Worship,	118
For Divine Guidance,	119
Spiritual Devotion,	120
Pleasures of Divine Worship,	121
Worship,	122
The Lord's Prayer,	123
The Lord's Prayer,	124
Worship,	127
Patience,	128
The Refuge,	131
Trust,	132
Prayer for the Spirit,	134
God our Refuge,	135
Reliance,	136
The Lord our Defence,	137
Confidence in God,	139
Peace and Love,	140
Trust in God,	140
To the Christian,	142
Address to the Christian,	146

PAGE
Trust in God, ... 149
There remaineth a rest, 150
Time, ... 152
The Christian's Prospect, 155
The Consolation, ... 157
The Sabbath, ... 159
Heaven, ... 160
Spread of the Gospel, ... 162
Missionary Hymn, ... 163
Home of the Christian, . 165
Death of the Christian, .. 166
The Resurrection, ... 167
The Resurrection — second part, ... 169
Devotion, ... 170
Quicken me, O Lord, ... 171
Decline of Life, ... 173
Address to Youth, ... 174
Minister's Farewell, ... 176
The Advent, ... 179
The Saviour's Birth-day, 181
Christmas, ... 183
Gratitude, ... 184
Renewal of Blessings, .. 187
My Bliss and Glory, ... 189
Petition, ... 190
For Communion, ... 191
Christ and his Benefits, 193
Paraphrase: 15th Psalm, 197
Desiring more Grace, .. 199
Thy years shall not fail, 200
Reflection and Prayer, .. 201
How to die, ... 202
If thou speakest, there shall be light, ... 203
The Restoration, ... 204
For Divine Favour, ... 205

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

In memory of Rev. Lawrence M'Combs, ... 209
Earth is not our Home, . 210
On hearing a Robin, ... 212
Address to my Wife.—A Wish, ... 214
In memory of two beloved Children, ... 215
Friendship, ... 216
The Summer's Evening, 218
The Evening, ... 219
On Providence, ... 221
The Family Circle, ... 225
The Happy Family, ... 227
Mutability of Life, ... 228
Time and Eternity, ... 231
Mutability of Time, ... 233
The Critical Moment, .. 234
Hope, ... 235

PAGE
The Ramble, ... 237
To H. B., ... 239
Memory of Rev. John Creamer, ... 241
The Slave, ... 243
Our Nation, ... 245
Conscience, ... 246
The Indian Chief's Lamentation, ... 249
The Saviour's Name, ... 251

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

PRAYER FOR SPECIAL FAVOURS.

O, Thou! enthron'd in heaven above,
  Before whom worlds as atoms are—
Wilt thou regard a mortal's love,
  And kindly his petitions hear?

O! for that glow of heavenly light,
  Reflected from Eternal day;
The single eye, the quicken'd sight,
  Which clouds ne'er dim, nor years decay.

O! for that hatred to all sin,
  That true compunction of the mind,
The power that cleanses all within,
  Perfect, "long-suffering and kind."

O! for that sacred, burning fire,
  Bestow'd through the Redeemer's name;
The mind to lighten and inspire,
  The soul to comfort and inflame.

Grant me the gift of holy prayer,
  That mighty prevalence with Thee;
My thoughts and words Thyself prepare,
  And let them all accepted be.

Strengthen me, Saviour, to believe
  Thy word of truth, and promise sure;
Those graces of thy spirit give,
  Most holy, heavenly, and pure.

That wond'rous gift, the love of God,
  Immeasurably full and free;
From thy eternal, bright abode,
  Shed most abundantly on me.

At every opening, rising day,
  Be thy lov'd visitations made;
All evil banish far away,
  As day dispels the midnight shade.

Dwell with me, Lord, while here I live,
  Claim all that I possess as thine;
Myself a sacrifice receive,
  And then be Thou and glory mine.

FOR HOLINESS.

JESUS, my supplications hear,
  Regard me with a gracious smile;
To holiness my heart prepare,
  And keep my lips from speaking guile.

Of holiness the beauties show,
  Bid me its rich perfection prove;
With those who fear Thee, let me know
  The depths of sanctifying love.

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
  Cleanse its entire remains away;
Thy pure, thy soul-refining word,
  To me in mighty power convey.

'Tis thy prerogative to give—
  Profusely then thy gifts bestow;
Thy holiness bid me receive,
  And all thy perfect goodness know.

Cleanse every act, and every word—
  Make every thought and motive kind;
Possessing, with my gracious Lord,
  A truly meek and lowly mind.

In all things Thou my pattern be,
  Furnish'd with thy abundant might,
Partaker of thy purity,
  Thy perfect love, and purest light.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

KINDLE, O Lord, in me,
  The ancient flame of fire;
From sin and bondage set me free,
  And all my soul inspire.

The cloven tongues bestow,
  The sacred stream of love,
And while in humble prayer I bow,
  Thy spirit kindly move.

Shed its full grace on me,
  Its purity and might,
And let me in thy kingdom be
  A burning, shining light.

With oil my vessel fill,
  The lamp of life to cheer,
And help me watch and pray, until
  The bridegroom shall appear.

Ready to meet my Lord,
  Whene'er the signal's given,
And in obedience to his word,
  Arise and enter heaven.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

JESUS, the sweetness of thy love
  O how my soul delights to feel—
All hindrance to its course remove,
  And all its perfectness reveal.

Thy love shall be my only bliss,
  'Tis all in heaven or earth I crave;
The object of my glory, this,
  My blooming hope beyond the grave.

Thy boundless love! redeeming Lord,
  In rich and plenteous streams bestow—
This "recompense of great reward,"
  O grant it to thy servant now.

Simple and childlike let it be,
  Constant and steady in its course,
From all dissimulation free,
  And pure and heav'nly be its source.

Truly affectionate and kind,
  To mercy and to goodness given,
The stay and magnet of the mind,
  The bond uniting earth and heaven.

Be this the comfort of my soul,
  My solace in declining years;
May love each passing change control,
  And cheer me through this vale of tears.

"THOU CAN'ST MAKE ME CLEAN."

When shall I bathe in life's pure tide,
Which flows from my Redeemer's side,
That holy, crimson flood?
O! to plunge in at once and live,
And all his mighty love receive,
Through Jesus' sprinkling blood.

All human power I do disclaim,
Saviour, restore me through thy name;
Thy name I long to know;
Like him who waited at the pool,
I will, but thou must speak me whole,
And bid me rise and go.

O speak the word which Lazarus woke,
That once his deathly slumbers broke,
Bid me come forth to thee.
Breathe into me the breath of life,
Finish the long conflicting strife
Between my sins and me.

Thou art the resurrection, Lord,—
He that believeth in thy word,
Though dead, shall live again,—
A form more glorious shall assume,
A cherub near the throne become,
Where boundless pleasures reign.

Fountain of bliss from Jesus' side,
Flow on with clear and onward tide,
Fill all my soul with love;
And let me with thy flocks at noon
Repose in safety near thy throne,
Thence never to remove.

Then, Saviour, then, will I love thee,
Because thou did'st at first love me,
Thy wounds still make it known.
And O assist me, Lord, to raise
A feeble monument of praise
To thee, and thee alone.

"WHO HATH LOVED ME, AND DIED FOR ME."

Saviour, I bow thy cross before,
To love, to worship, and adore;
No boast, no claim, have I beside,
Jesus for me was crucified.

All earthly things I count but loss,
To glory only in thy cross;
Cleaving with fond embrace to thee,
My Lord and Saviour slain for me.

On Calvary's high and fearful top,
Jesus, my Lord, was lifted up:
And for the world, his streaming blood
Prevailed before the throne of God.

'Tis here, my trembling hopes increase,
My love grows warm, and sweet my peace;
While heavenly mercies kindly shed
Unmingled pleasures round my head.

O thou atoning Lamb of God,
Cleanse me in thy redeeming blood;
Purge me from every vileness free,
And make me to resemble thee.

Whate'er thou hast, or can'st bestow,
Above the skies or earth below,
Grant me thy love; indulg'd with this,
I ask beside no other bliss.

Then when from time I shall remove,
O may I rise to thee above;
There with thy saints the throne before,
Redeeming love and grace adore.

PRAYER FOR GOSPEL PRIVILEGES.

Eternal Power, whose influence brought
This wond'rous universe from nought;
Who said, (the mighty great "First Cause,")
"Let there be light, and light there was."

Spirit of light on me come down,
Thy presence and thyself make known;
In penticostal fulness shed,
Thy glories round my heart and head.

Give me, O Lord, my sins to know,
And then let true repentance flow;
From guilt my every power release
And fill me with abounding peace.

With grace descending from above,
Increase my faith, and warm my love;
Pure heavenly-mindedness impart,
Engrave thy likeness on my heart.

Grant me, with all thy saints to share,
The blessing of prevailing prayer:
Each passing hour where'er I be,
O give me intercourse with thee.

On Christ alone, (the atonement made,)
Let all my soul's vast claims be laid;
In firm, unshaken hope, that God
Will raise me to his own abode.

An earnest of that bliss bestow,
Where angels and archangels bow;
That holy pledge to me be given,
A strong assuring hope of heaven.

PRAYER AND CONFIDENCE.

Most Holy Lord, bow down thine ear,
And hearken to my feeble prayer;
Preserve my soul that trusts in thee
And show thy kindest love to me.

Art thou not ready to forgive,
And pleas'd when dying sinners live?
Is not the goodness of thy name,
In every age and place the same?

Come, then, and all my wants regard,
And bless me with thy saints' reward;
And when temptations gather round,
Let grace more plenteously abound.

Thou art my shield and strong defence,
My over-ruling providence;
The all-pervading Deity,
Whose presence fills immensity.

With millions I will worship thee,
And bow the suppliant, humble knee,
The greatness of thy love proclaim,
And hymn the glories of thy name.

Thou art th' eternal God alone,
The heaven of heavens contains thy throne;
Yet is thy love so full and free,
The humblest soul may trust in thee.

Father, to me a token show,
My claim to glory let me know;
Strengthen my soul, and kindly give
Continued comfort while I live.

INVOCATION.

Jesus! my soul shall ever be,
An altar set apart for thee;
Such as the holy prophets rear'd,
On which the sacred flame appear'd.

O may those radiant beams of thine,
Around my tabernacle shine;
Thence let my earliest offerings rise,
Like clouds of incense, to the skies.

Upon the glorious mercy seat,
O'er which the winged cherubs meet,
Jesus, my great High Priest, appear,
Show thy prevailing influence there.

Regard, O Lord, thy servant still,
To me thy promises fulfil;
My humble sacrifice receive,
And bid me with thine Israel live.

Fill'd with thy presence, and thy grace,
Peace shall surround my dwelling place,
My prayer, through the atoning blood,
Shall find a free access to God.

Can aught with such delight compare?
With God, to hold communion here;
To dwell in love with the Most High,
Is pure, and full, and perfect joy.

May this lov'd intercourse obtain,
Long as life's varied scenes remain;
Till raised where my Redeemer is,
To dwell in realms of perfect bliss.

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.

SAVIOUR! assist our souls to raise
Some sweet memorial to thy praise;
Let grace be in abundance given,
To guide us in the way to heaven.

Impart the true celestial fire,
And every waiting soul inspire;
Infuse thy love in full display,
And wash our numerous sins away.

Eternal Energy, descend,
While we around thine altar bend;
Take us within thy kind embrace,
And give to all converting grace.

Illustrious Advocate above,
Pour on our souls the stream of love;
May we thy full salvation see,
And sanctify each heart to thee.

Grant us the gift of holiness,
Comforts of grace and perfect bliss;
A sacred pledge of life to come,
Our heavenly rest, and final home.

Unite us in a social band,
Destin'd to reach the promised land;
There to enjoy perpetual peace,
In realms of perfect happiness.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

Jesus! I love thy righteousness,
  Thy holy presence, grace and power;
That sin-subduing, sweet distress,
  The oft repeated melting shower.

Fast I approach the lonely grave,
  And have no other trust but thee;
My trembling spirit thou can'st save,
  In nature's last extremity.

Amidst death's dark and dreary shade,
  Leave me, my Saviour, not alone;
Kindly sustain my fainting head,
  Till all thy blessed will be done.

Wash me anew in thy rich blood,
  Thy love more signally display;
Prepare me for thy bright abode,
  Then sweetly call me hence away.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Jesus! thou Prince of life and peace,
Our wisdom, and our righteousness;
The Lamb of God to mortals given,
The bread of life, sent down from heaven.

Millions have feasted, Lord, on thee,
The true incarnate Deity;
And in the eucharistic food,
Have eat thy flesh, and drank thy blood.

'Tis here the wounded finds a balm,
The wearied rest, the grieved a calm;
The thirsty souls a mountain rill,
That flows from Calvary's summit still.

Jesus, at this our feast appear,
Display thy holy symbols here;
To each the true memorials give,
And in our best affections live.

This consecrated bread and wine,
And all the sacred rites are thine;
And lo! in bending circle, we
Do this in memory of thee.

This record of redeeming love,
Shall all our happiest feelings move;
And while our days are spared beneath,
We thus show forth our Saviour's death.

Happy, if we at last shall be,
Call'd into heaven to sup with thee;
To join the sacramental host,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JESUS, OUR LORD.

JESUS, supreme, the Lord of all,
  Jehovah's first begotten Son:
Around his throne shall empires fall,
  Wide as earth's varied circles run;
And He, while endless ages roll,
Shall claim an undisturb'd control.

Jesus, who was an infant born,
  Form'd this vast universe entire;
His power did all the spheres adorn,
  And all the morning stars inspire;
His word unchangeably secure,
Through countless ages shall endure.

Jesus, who liv'd, and bled, and died,
  Legions unnumber'd doth command;
There is no other God beside,
  Whose counsels shall forever stand;
And angels bowing to his name,
Spread wide his everlasting fame.

Jesus, the "first-fruits" from the dead,
  (Who but a God could rise again?)
Before him death and darkness fled,
  That immortality might reign;
To him alone shall praise be given,
By all that live in earth or heaven.

Behold him to his throne ascend,
His glorious kingdom to prepare;
From thence he will his angels send,
To gather all his servants there;
Where, lost in rapture, they shall raise
Anthems of pure unceasing praise.

Jesus shall all our songs employ,
Who wash'd us in his precious blood;
He rules in majesty on high,
Jehovah, the Eternal God;
In strains of sweet and full accord,
Angels and men shall praise thee, Lord.

OUR ADVOCATE.

Jesus! our mighty Advocate,
Before the eternal throne;
On me, while at thy cross I wait,
Be all thy mercy shown.

Forgive my great amount of sin,
Its painful guilt remove;
Cleanse and endow my soul within,
With all the charms of love.

Thy Spirit's powerful witness give,
In bountiful supplies;
And tell me, Lord, that I shall live
Immortal in the skies.

Then let old time, and sin, and death,
In threatening phalanx move;
Calmly will I resign my breath
For brighter scenes above.

THE CROSS.

I SING the cross, the out-spread tree,
Where Jesus bled and died for me;
The deep pierc'd side, the crimson flood,
The nail-stretch'd limbs, and streaming blood;
The last, best gift, by grace bestow'd,
To raise a prostrate world to God.

The cross on Calvary lifted up,
Heaven's faithful pledge, man's blissful hope;
The altar, expiatory made,
On which earth's sacrifice was laid;
The all-prevailing, sprinkled blood,
Shed o'er the mercy seat of God.

The cross, an open'd intercourse
With time's First Cause, and nature's Source;
The rent veil, opening to the throne,
Where man communes with God alone;
In sweet celestial visions lost,
The cross his theme, and joy, and boast.

The Saviour's cross, I see it stand
A beacon to the promised land;
Its shining radiance beams around,
Breaking upon the night profound;
Extending to that far-off shore,
Where darkness veils the skies no more.

The cross, like Jacob's ladder seen,
Stretch'd the full space both worlds between,
On which earth's sons adventurous rise,
Above the azure vaulted skies;
To range with the etherial powers,
Heaven's high and everlasting towers.

The cross, o'er death's most fearful tide,
Spans the dark gulf from side to side,
Leading to that salubrious clime,
Beyond the withering blasts of time;
Where all the flowery landscapes o'er,
The bosom heaves with sighs no more.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Christ, the good Shepherd, feeds
His people with his love;
And tenderly, he leads
His peaceful flocks above.

The lambs are gently laid,
With kindness on his breast;
And in his bosom's shade,
They sweetly lie at rest.

Gather'd and folded thus,
May we thy goodness share;
Beauties of heaven to us
Thou gracious Shepherd bear.

Love us, and lead us o'er
Those fields above the sky;
Where the heart sighs no more,
In glorious worlds on high.

REDEMPTION.

Hail! David's Lord, the Holy One,
Who fills the mighty courts of heaven;
Jehovah's first begotten Son,
To him be boundless glory given.

To save lost sinners, lo! He comes,
Mankind's supreme, efficient friend;
The Eternal God our form assumes,
And with Him life and peace descend.

What thought can reach, what tongue explain,
  This love to all the world made known?
God, who doth o'er creation reign,
  "Spar'd not his own beloved Son."

The Son of God was crucified,
  He all our sins with anguish bore;
The Lord incarnate liv'd and died,
  That we might live forevermore.

I see the robes, the millions crown'd,
  The mansions furnish'd by my Lord;
I hear the trumpet's cheerful sound,
  Which calls from labour to reward.

O may I spend my days and years,
  In my Redeemer's lov'd employ;
And when the end of life appears,
  Enter into my Master's joy.

JESUS, RULE THOU OVER US.

Jesus, Saviour, rule thou o'er us,
  All thy great compassion show;
Bid thy goodness pass before us,
  Mercy's utmost power bestow;
                Then thy people
  Shall their great Redeemer know.

O thou good, and wise, and holy,
  Thou, whose promises are sure;
Who alone can bless us fully,
  Make, O make thy servants pure;
                Then protect them,
  While the cross they shall endure.

With thanksgiving, Lord, we meet thee,
  At thy feet our offerings pour;
There with songs triumphant greet thee,
  And thy name and power adore;
                While hosannas
  Shall respond forevermore.

Glorious and exalted Saviour!
  All thy holy Israel say,
Live thou in our hearts forever,
  In our best affections stay;
                And be with us
  Through life's wearied, toilsome way.

Tune our harps to heavenly measure,
  Sweeter than the archangel's lyre;
Full and richer notes of pleasure,
  Shall our happy souls inspire;
                While in concert,
  Mingles the cherubic choir.

O what scenes of holy pleasure,
  Live in faithful hearts concealed!

Pure and overflowing treasure,
  Through the love of Christ revealed;
                And those blessings
  Heaven doth in rich plenty yield.

Cheerfully we now reside here,
  Happy in our tents to stay;
And while God is pleas'd, abide here,
  Till from labour call'd away;
                Then exulting,
  Pass the vestibule of day.

Ready is the way to glory,
  Wait we only Jesus' word;
For when absent from the body,
  We are present with the Lord;
                In a moment
  Pass we to our great reward

THE INVITATION.

Come, poor sinners, come to Jesus,
  Lo, he hangs upon the tree;
Was there ever love more gracious
  Mercy more entirely free;
                Look, poor sinners,
  On the brow of Calvary.

Come with all your sins to Jesus,
With your tears his cross bedew;
Come receive his love most precious,
Hark! he intercedes for you—
"O forgive them,
For they know not what they do."

Come poor sinners, Jesus loves you,
Greater love he could not show,
Graciously his spirit moves you,
O submit to Jesus now;
Though like crimson,
He will make you white as snow.

Sinners, ye were form'd for heaven,
Though you now in darkness lay;
Now arise and be forgiven,
Why will you in bondage stay?
Come to Jesus,
Blood-bought sinners, come away.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Kindly do invite you home,
Pointing where you may inherit,
Eden in immortal bloom;
O ye much lov'd,
Trembling, dying, sinners come.

On the embattled heights of glory
Hosts of wishful angels stay,

Holding in their hands before you
Crowns of everlasting day;
Sweetly saying,
Welcome sinners, come away.

Rise poor sinners, haste to Jesus,
Hail him as your sovereign lord;
This glad moment is auspicious,
Trust the dying Saviour's word;
And full glory,
Shall be given as your reward.

Enter now those realms of glory,
Take your seat at God's right hand;
Open'd is the way before you,
Where the flaming seraphs stand;
There forever
Join the heavenly choral band.

"BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE."

Behold what unexampled love,
Earth's mighty founder did display;
He left his glorious throne above,
To bear our load of guilt away;
Attired himself in flesh and blood,
Assum'd and dwelt in human form,
To reconcile and bring to God,
A fallen, poor, and helpless worm.

He, whom the angel hosts adore,
  His great regard for man to show,
Our sin's dread mountain weight he bore
  Upon Mount Calvary's fearful brow.
Jesus, the holy promised seed,
  The dreadful wine-press trod alone;
For all mankind the Lord did bleed,
  For all the human race atone.

Lo! what a healing, cleansing tide,
  To all poor trembling sinners free,
Was open'd in the Saviour's side,
  On the rude clift of Calvary.
To that pure life-restoring blood,
  Let all the sons of earth repair,
And bathe and wash them in that flood,
  That poured its balmy current there.

Ten thousand thousand beauteous forms,
  Redeem'd through Jesus' bleeding love;
Rescued from earth's infuriate storms,
  Are singing with the hosts above.
To him that love them and did die,
  Who washed them in his precious blood,
And brought them to his courts on high,
  And made them kings and priests to God.

Jesus, thou art my only hope,
  The triumphs of thy cross I see;
From Olivet's embroidered top,
  O may I rise and follow thee.

Redeem me from my guilt and sin,
  Speak me at once through thee forgiven;
Cleanse, and preserve me pure within,
  Prepared and sanctified for heaven.

The merit of thy death I need,
  Thy holy sacrificial blood;
Make me an Israelite indeed,
  A true obedient child of God.
Give me the living witness still,
  That I am born again of thee,
Thy infinite designs fulfil;
  Take up thy residence in me.

Grant me the pledge of future rest,
  The seal of Jesus' dying love;
Set up thy throne within my breast,
  Which never, never shall remove.
Let me with the enraptur'd throng,
  Those harpers on the etherial towers,
Join in the sweet and blissful song,
  Amidst heaven's amaranthine bowers.

JESUS' NAME.

Jesus, my Lord, who died for me,
  The merit of thy death apply;
My heart from guilt and sin set free,
  And mould me for the realms on high.

Jesus, thy holy, precious name,
  Is competent to make me whole;
'Tis now, immutably the same,
  A healing balm for every soul.

Thousands have known its saving power,
  Its bliss inspiring virtue given;
To all thy saints it stands a tower,
  Which rears its lofty spire to heaven.

Light into sightless eyes it brings,
  In floods of pure effulgent day;
The tongue once locked in silence sings
  A sweet and evangelic lay.

Thy name is full of truth and love,
  In grace to every mortal free;
To mortals thy compassions move,
  As boundless as immensity.

Source of all holiness most pure,
  Exceeding far all human thought;
In me the fruits of grace mature,
  By the eternal spirit wrought.

Jesus, I would resemble thee,
  O make me thus through thy rich blood;
The "pure in heart" alone shall see
  The glorious majesty of God.

Bid new unfolding pleasures rise,
  Illume each opening scene with joy,
Spread o'er me kind and brighter skies,
  Let praises be my lov'd employ.

The rich endowments of thy mind,
  Bind as a girdle on my breast;
And lead me where my soul shall find,
  An heavenly paradise of rest.

Cleanse me in every thought and word,
  And heavenward guide my wayward feet;
In works of holiness prepared,
  O make me for thy kingdom meet.

Thy temple beautify and fill,
  Make known thy glorious presence here;
Preside within my bosom still,
  And let thy dwelling place be there.

Fill and adorn my soul with grace,
  Bow all my passions to thy sway;
May love abound in every place,
  And darkness flee the approach of day.

Then each returning hour shall bring,
  A foretaste of the bliss to come;
Till at thy word I rise to sing,
  In heaven, my final, peaceful home.

REDEMPTION.

REDEMPTION! what a blissful sound,
How sweet its numbers, how profound;
How rich its harmony;
Its lovely variations roll,
And bring to every human soul,
The love of Deity.

Redemption makes the deserts bloom,
And nature's barren wilds assume
Verdure that never dies;
And all earth's sons may now behold
New and more beauteous scenes unfold,
Fruitful as paradise.

Redemption is the purest balm,
The brightest, most effulgent charm,
That heaven itself could give;
Its mild, and soul-transforming grace,
Spreads endless life from place to place,
And bids the dying live.

Redemption is all purity,
The spotless mind of Deity;
His bleeding, dying love;
And lo! he left his splendid throne,
This grace more fully to make known,
That we might rise above.

Redemption! may the rapturous joy,
All tongues, all hearts, all songs employ,
Creation's bound'ries o'er;
Far may the bounding echo fly,
From orb to orb, from sky to sky,
Till skies shall be no more.

"THERE IS NO OTHER NAME GIVEN."

Jesus, thy hallowed name,
My soul exulting hears,
O may its warm inspiring flame,
Charm my remaining years.
Tis happier far than all
The names to mortals given,
Myriads on earth before it fall,
And all the hosts of heaven.

O Jesus, make my heart
Thy holy dwelling place;
By thee adorned in every part,
And beautified with grace.
Bath'd in thy precious blood,
May all my powers be clean;
A holy sacrifice to God,
An offering free from sin.

To thee my all incline,
  Guide me that peaceful road;
Where far more radiantly doth shine,
  The perfect love of God.
Supremely I admire
  The mind that was in thee;
No other bliss do I desire,
  But that bestowed by thee.

Through all the realms above,
  Or spheres that range abroad,
There's nothing that my soul doth love,
  So much as thee my Lord.
Thee only I adore,
  Thou, who didst first love me;
And O! may every thought and power,
  Be sanctified to thee.

May goodness, truth and love
  Bless my declining days,
'Till with thy saints I rise above,
  To hymn thy boundless praise.
Angels shall join the song,
  When they the rapture see;
And roll the numbers all along,
  To all eternity.

THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

The Lord, on Zion's mountain,
  Hath opened wide and free
A pure and holy fountain,
  For all mankind and me.
For sin and all pollution,
  It pours a healing flood,
And gives full absolution,
  Through Jesus' cleansing blood.

Mysterious was the passion,
  My Saviour's dying love;
How wond'rous the compassion,
  Which Deity did move.
Exalted mediation!
  The High and Holy One,
Exchang'd for our salvation,
  The grandeur of his throne.

Inexplicable story,
  The Lord who rules above,
Did lay aside his glory,
  To show the world his love.
The pathway up to heaven,
  With radiance did illume;
And mortals now forgiven,
  Have victory o'er the tomb.

Behold the earth now blooming
  With Sharon's lovely rose;
And distant lands assuming
  The splendour heaven bestows.
Where once fierce demons slumber'd,
  The serpent's dread abode,
Are crowding ranks unnumber'd,
  Ascending up to God.

Jesus the Saviour leads them
  Where crystal currents flow,
On fruits immortal feeds them,
  Where undimm'd beauties glow.
'Midst pure undying pleasure,
  In heaven's immortal clime,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the measure
  Of glories most sublime.

With prophets of past ages,
  And heaven's sweet minstrelsy,
And bands of noble sages,
  We there shall worship thee.
All, all shall there conspire,
  To adore redeeming love,
And sweep the ethereal lyre
  Around the throne above.

FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy, pure and gentle Spirit,
Bid me all thy grace inherit;
Let me all thy beauties see,
Stretch thy shadowing wing o'er me.

Fully on my soul impress
All thy mind and righteousness,
Every kind affection move,
Fill me with thy perfect love.

Sweet effusion round me shine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Dwell continually in me,
Over-ruling Deity.

Mould each passion to thy sway,
Cleanse the stain of sin away;
All my heart with grace refine,
Make me heavenly, make me thine.

FOR DIVINE FAVOUR.

Search me, O Lord, try all within,
And cleanse me fully from all sin;
Prove thou my reins, nor let there be
One careless thought, O Lord, of thee.

Grant me free intercourse with God,
Through the atoning Saviour's blood;
Let the true light, with purest ray,
Shine more unto the perfect day.

Give me "the wisdom from above,"
The holy signature of love;
The hope, and expectation given
Of future blessedness in heaven.

O Thou whose piercing eye surveys,
My silent thoughts and outward ways;
A record of thy name impart,
Engraven deeply on my heart.

Exalted though thy throne appears,
Above those bright revolving spheres;
Yet thou hast made through boundless grace,
An humble soul thy dwelling place.

Kind and indulgent Holy One,
My heart inspire, thy will be done;
My grovelling soul from earth refine,
And make me, Lord, a child of thine.

My whole design, my motives bless,
Clothe each with spotless holiness;
Help me with faultless single aim,
To glorify my Saviour's name.

O may thy pure and changeless love,
With glowing warmth my bosom move;
Till life shall close let this be given,
An earnest of the joys in heaven.

DEVOTION.

Come, Jesus, reign in me,
My passions all control;
Shed thy unblemish'd purity,
Like dew, upon my soul.

Richly adorn my mind,
With pure and heavenly grace;
Then bring me, when by love refined,
To see thee face to face.

MY WANTS ARE BEFORE THEE.

Father, in times and seasons past,
My num'rous wants thou didst supply;
And still my cares I humbly cast
On thee, whose power formed earth and sky.

My soul inspire, thyself reveal,
  Freely endow my mind with grace;
Let me behold, without a veil,
  The milder glories of thy face.

Far from all mean and grovelling things,
  Direct my constant thoughts to thee;
Keep me beneath thy out-spread wings,
  From every sin and danger free.

Of thy unblemish'd purity,
  Give me a just and humbling sense;
In every object may I see
  Thy goodness and kind providence.

Those rolling spheres, with boundless space,
  All, all is full, O Lord, of thee;
Yet, if thou please, thy dwelling place
  Shall be with such a worm as me.

I would not that these scenes below,
  Should be my permanent abode;
Those deathless joys I long to know,
  Around the eternal throne of God.

Melts my fond heart with inward pain,
  A longing after bliss to come;
To be imparadis'd again
  In climes of pure, immortal bloom.

I ask that faith that shall endure,
  Though oft through fiery conflicts driven;
Which stands invincibly secure,
  Holding unwearied grasp on heaven.

O for that full extatic hope
  That triumphs in redeeming love;
Which views from Calvary's hallow'd top
  Those everlasting joys above.

Thou changeless Source of grace and love,
  Of power, of light, and purity;
All earthliness far off remove,
  Open a heaven of love in me.

Its pure, unsullied glories shed,
  Like the full noon-tide beams of day;
Nor let a cloud its shadow spread,
  To dim the lustre of one ray.

Love is the radiance of thy throne,
  The essence of all holiness;
And in thy courts, it forms alone
  The purest source of perfect bliss.

Strives my whole soul this bliss to prove,
  In confidence that God loves me;
I ask no more than Jesus' love,
  In time or in eternity.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Jesus! thy kingdom come,
  Thy holy will be done;
Thy mediatorial power assume,
  Thou great and Holy One.

Rule thou o'er all the earth,
  As thou dost rule in heaven;
Give to all tribes and people birth,
  Speak all mankind forgiven.

Awake with mighty power,
  Jehovah's arm, awake;
Thy spirit on the nations pour,
  Make earth and heaven shake.

Bring in thy kingdom now,
  Which never shall remove;
Then as we need, on all bestow
  Thy mercy, truth, and love.

Make us throughout sincere,
  From all offences free;
And aid us with a godly fear,
  To humbly worship thee.

FOR SPECIAL GRACE.

SAVIOUR of all, inscribe on me
Thy signature of purity,
The image of thy love;
Then save me from the least offence,
And by thy gracious providence,
Guide me where'er I move.

Give me a cheerful, steady mind,
Grateful, affectionate and kind,
In all respects like thee;
Bid me thy utmost grace receive,
And let me in thy presence live,
And all thy goodness see.

Grant me a true and filial fear,
Thy cause to love, and name revere,
And on thy word repose;
Thy meek and lowly mind possess,
Thy spirit, and thy holiness,
Till life itself shall close.

REDEEMING LOVE.

O! HOW I love the love of God,
And long to have it shed abroad
More fully in my breast;
To feel its spotless holiness,
In all its utmost perfectness,
On every power imprest.

Love is a gem of purest ray,
The beauty of eternal day,
Emblem of the Deity;
And God did lay aside his crown,
To bring this gift to mortals down,
My soul, it was for thee!

Mysterious and Almighty love,
Surpassing all the heights above,
Its bound'ries none can reach;
Its measureless extent profound,
Encircling, in its matchless round,
Illimitable space.

Redeeming love! divinely wrought
Exceeds the boldest flight of thought,
To men or angels given;
Its grandeur and immensity,
No mortal can approach and see,
'Tis God himself! 'Tis heaven!

"Bows my whole soul beneath its weight,"
Its length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
And pure divinity;
'Tis all my bliss, and all my boast,
In love to be overwhelm'd and lost,
To all eternity.

PRAYER FOR BLESSINGS.

Eternal Lord, my soul inspire,
With streams of pure, celestial fire;
Give the true wisdom from above,
With all the perfectness of love.

Save me from an inconstant mind,
Troubled and toss'd by every wind;
From every anxious care set free,
Confiding all I have to thee.

Preserve me from the fearful snare,
Of unbelief, and fell despair;
The vigour of my faith sustain,
While in life's conflict I remain.

From secret and presumptuous sin,
O! wash my soul, and all within;
Passion, and self, and pride, remove,
That nothing may remain but love.

FAITH.

Jesus, I do believe thy word,
Thy holy, sacred promise, Lord,
Thy changeless truth, it shall endure
Beyond the wreck of worlds, secure.

Implanted deeply in my heart,
The righteousness of faith impart;
Its vast omnipotence display,
And banish unbelief away.

By faith we view from Calvary's top,
The path to glory lighted up;
The millions saved, the eternal throne,
The Great, the High, the Holy One.

'Tis faith that works by perfect love,
The substance of the things above;
An evidence to mortals given,
Of things unseen, reserv'd in heaven.

It gives a constant, cheerful mind,
And is to virtuous thoughts inclin'd;
Each good desire, each grace improves,
And every anxious fear removes.

'Tis light divine, the spirit's power,
The oft repeated heavenly shower,
It aids our intercourse above,
And dwells with purifying love.

PRAISE.

JESUS, we laud thy glorious name,
Thy grace and majesty proclaim,
For praise and power belong to thee;
We would employ, to hymn thy love,
Those harps whose numbers sweetest move,
Attun'd to all eternity.

Sing, sing, my soul, awake thy lyre,
Inhale the glowing, kindling fire,
Which trembled on the harps of old;
To Him who did redemption bring,
Hosannas in the highest sing,
And all his wond'rous love unfold.

Let all earth's minstrel sons enroll,
From side to side, from pole to pole,
With all the choral heavenly host;
And loudest hallelujahs raise,
In strains of universal praise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Redeeming love, how vast the theme,
Its bliss how pure, and how supreme,
Its mighty bounds, and depths unknown;
Its triumphs and extatic joy,
Do all the blood-washed hosts employ,
In worship, round the Eternal One.

There swell the richest chords of song,
Sustain'd by the unnumber'd throng,
Embower'd in immortality;
And God, whose glories fill the throne,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Is lov'd and praised eternally.

O! how I long those worlds to gain,
Where pure, undying pleasures reign,
The saints' blest, permanent abode;
Secure from sin, and sighs, and toil,
Cloth'd with the soul-enrapturing smile,
Of heaven, of glory, and of God.

FOR HOLINESS.

O Thou, whose power all things control,
Stamp thy blest image on my soul;
Let me thy heavenly impress bear,
Thy rich and holy vesture wear.

Thy utmost saving power display,
Cleanse my pollutions all away,
Save me from sins' least blemish free,
To perfect holiness in thee.

Jesus, thy precious sprinkling blood
Atones before the throne of God;
O may its merit now impart
The power and grace to cleanse my heart.

Thy temple beautify once more,
And perfect righteousness restore;
O make my soul thy blest abode,
The temple of the living God.

My Father! O that precious name,
Thy changeless love is still the same;
Fully adopt me as thine own,
Call me thy well beloved son.

Then shall my wants be well supplied,
If thou my Lord for me provide;
By thee shall plenteous grace be given,
To rear me as a child for heaven.

Enrolled among the heirs of bliss,
Renewed in love and righteousness;
Where all my soul and strength shall be
Employ'd, O Lord, in serving thee.

DIVINE LOVE.

Jesus, my soul delights to prove
Thy power, thy holiness and love,
To feel thy glorious influence shed
Profusely on my heart and head.

To me thy gracious mind reveal,
Make known the pleasure of thy will;
Thy witness to my soul convey,
And cleanse my vileness all away.

From sin's entire dominion free,
Form holy principles in me;
Prepare my soul as thine abode,
With all the mind and love of God.

With heaven's alluring, blissful charm,
My hopes revive, my bosom warm,
To happier worlds each power incline,
Where brighter beams of glory shine.

REDEEMING LOVE.

Redeeming love, its precious worth,
Exceeds the brightest gems of earth;
So great and infinite its store,
Than worlds on worlds 'tis valued more.

Its sacred virtues pow'rful are,
A world of helpless souls to cheer;
Heaven's most magnificent display,
The prelude to immortal day.

Boundless is Jesus' love, and free,
Though crimson'd our pollutions be;
Pardon for each offence is given,
Though numerous as the clouds of heaven.

Low at thy feet I bow my knee,
O thou who didst at first love me,
Whate'er thou wilt withhold or give,
Redeeming love let me receive.

Almighty love! my hope, my bliss,
My boast, my full redemption this,
My soul's delight, and sweet abode,
The miniature of heaven and God.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Saviour, thy will be done in me,
  The least of those who love thy name;
Sweetly subdue my heart to thee,
  And all my waywardness reclaim.

O may thy heavenly beams illume
  The dark profound of nature's night;
Thy chaos-moving power assume,
  Speak but the word, there shall be light.

My fearful state through sin expose,
  Till humbled in the dust I lie,
My will most graciously dispose
  Th' alluring paths of sin to fly.

Saviour, I know this is thy will,
  That all my sins should cancell'd be;
No guilt, no condemnation feel,
  From Satan's dark dominion free.

Then let thy spirit from above,
  A clear and present witness give;
O'erflow my soul with peace and love,
  And bid me to thy glory live.

Call me, O Lord, a child of thine,
  And all my thoughts and motives bless;
Let thy full glories round me shine,
  With beams of perfect holiness.

Draw me with kind affection's cord,
  Thy goodness every hour display;
Control each passion, act, and word,
  And rule with calm and gentle sway.

Subdue my nature, mind and will,
  Wholly conform my soul to thee,
Thy infinite designs fulfil,
  And perfect all thy work in me.

May pure celestial fire be given,
  My heart most fully to refine;
Then strongly set the seal of heaven,
  Thy glorious signature divine.

SUPPLICATION.

O FOR that pure ethereal fire
That did the ancient church inspire;
The strong wind rushing from above,
The flaming tongues, the stream of love.

The Holy Ghost diffused abroad,
The softening, melting power of God;
The gracious purifying flame,
Obtained through faith in Jesus' name.

The calm, the cheerful, heavenly mind,
The soul and all its powers refin'd,
The meek and quiet spirit given,
The nature and the mould of heaven.

The seal to realms of boundless peace,
To crowns and robes of righteousness;
The foretaste of that bliss to come,
The soul's eternal, peaceful home.

THE RELIGION OF OUR FATHERS.

When, O my Saviour, when shall I
Cleave unto thee with single eye;
When shall my anxious bosom feel
The kind expressions of thy will.

O! let me find some favours where
My sires obtained so large a share,
The grace which they so richly prov'd,
And love thee as the fathers lov'd.

The faith that Abra'm did possess,
Reckon'd to him for righteousness,
By which he saw his offspring given
In number as the stars of heaven.

That firm and cheerful state of mind,
To pain or ease alike resign'd;
Esteeming with a true regard,
"The recompense of great reward."

Grant me those blessings from above,
Richly adorn'd with fruits of love;
The Spirit's welcome influence pour,
That my full soul may thirst no more.

O may I live supremely blest,
Inspir'd with hope of future rest;
Happy may all my days become,
Till God shall call my spirit home.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

JESUS, assembled in thy name,
  We bow the humble suppliant knee,
And as the ancient mothers came,
  We bring our tender charge to thee.

Most fervently thy servants pray,
  Accepted may our off'rings be;
Saviour, again in kindness say,
  "Bring all your children unto me."

O thou "good Shepherd of the sheep,"
  Who didst for all thy life lay down,
Those objects of thy goodness keep,
  And guard and love them as thine own.

Fold them within thy kind embrace,
  And feed them with redeeming love,
Till they are called to see thy face,
  In bright and happier worlds above.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

JESUS, hallow'd be thy name,
We thy love and goodness claim;
May our much lov'd children be
Taught to love and worship thee.

Help us mould them good and kind,
Models of the Saviour's mind;
May each youthful bosom bear
Jesus' image graven there.

Make them by our side to grow,
Graceful as the olive bough:
Blooming each with love divine,
Fruitful as the cluster'd vine.

May we and our children be
Constantly supplied by thee;
As our various wants demand,
Spread to us thy bounteous hand.

By our great Redeemer's side,
With our flocks let us abide,
There in cheerful order move,
Richly full of Jesus' love.

Folded thus may we enjoy
Heaven's full bliss without alloy,
Sav'd from all corruption free,
Let us live and die to thee.

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL.

From sin's most sore oppressive load,
  I sigh to be set free,
And claim the virtue of that blood,
  Shed for the world and me.

The man of sin, the strong man bind,
  Sin's every germ destroy;
From sin be every power refin'd,
  And then those powers employ.

Richly, O Lord, endow my heart,
  With holiness and love;
Those pure and perfect gifts impart,
  That cometh from above.

Thy meek and holy, spotless mind,
  Freely bestow on me,
Gentle, affectionate, and kind,
  And full of charity.

Balm'd with the sacrificial blood,
  New life to me convey,
And lead me to the throne of God,
  The new and living way.

Give the abiding witness, Lord,
  That thou art pleas'd with me;
Deeply engrave the living word,
  That I am lov'd by thee.

Born from above, my Father's name
  May every feature bear,
His love my passions all inflame,
  My soul his vesture wear.

With Him, sweet intercourse sustain,
  His smile approving see;
Then be imparadis'd again,
  In immortality.

WORSHIP.

Our Father, Sov'reign Lord of all,
Before thy gracious throne we fall;
In holy fervent prayer to thee,
We bow the humble suppliant knee.

Thy promis'd truth and changeless love,
Deep in our trembling hearts record;
Thy grace we seek, thyself we claim,
Through Jesus' all prevailing name.

Thy soul-anointing influence shed,
O'er us thy wings of mercy spread,
All power, all holiness be given,
All, all, we can contain of heaven.

Do these requests exceed thy power?
Those wants exhaust thy matchless store?
Thy mercies, Lord, so boundless are,
Immensity is written there.

O that unveil'd we all may see
Thy glorious beaming majesty;
Till from those radiations given,
Our souls shall change from earth to heaven.

ABRAHAM'S GOD.

HAIL! Abraham's God alone,
  Whose faithful word is sure,
And firm as is his throne,
  It ever shall endure;
And on his truth we will rely
Who form'd those rolling spheres on high.

He, who called Orion forth,
  Who leads Pleiades,
Who gave the orbs their birth,
  And each a name and place;
The God of Abra'm, nature's Source,
Whose empire is the universe.

From his high courts above,
  He fills immensity,
And great and kind his love,
  Immeasurably free;
Our shield invincible, the Lord,
Abra'm's exceeding great reward.

And we who now believe,
  And faithful do remain,
That heritage receive,
  Which Abra'm did obtain;
And if like him we do confide,
For us, will Abra'm's God provide.

Than Canaan's fertile plains,
  We seek a happier clime,
Where purer joy obtains,
  And glories more sublime;
With Abra'm in that blest abode,
The city of the living God.

Though still in tents below,
  Sojourners we appear,
Strangers and pilgrims now,
  As all our fathers were;
To worlds more heav'nly bend our way,
Where God resides in endless day.

THIS IS OUR GOD.

ISAIAH, 25th.

"THIS is our God" most high,
  For whom we have waited long;
He rules above the sky,
  The cherub hosts among;
And gladly join'd in heart and voice,
In his salvation we rejoice.

Him we exulting praise,
  Whose counsels are of old;
Glorious in all his ways,
  His wonders we behold;
Th' exhaustless source of perfect bliss,
The God of truth and faithfulness.

A people great and strong,
  From their defenced abode,
With full harmonious song,
  Shall glorify our God.
The separating walls shall bow,
And distant tribes their Lord shall know

His strength alone sustains
  The needy in distress,
Their refuge firm remains,
  When storms conflicting press;
His outspread shadowing cloud is made,
In summer's sultry heat a shade.

Where plays the mountain breeze,
  God doth a feast prepare,
Of wine upon the lees,
  And things refined and rare;
Where heark'ning to the Almighty's call,
Assembled meet the nations all.

God doth the veil remove,
  O'er all the nations spread;
And from the realms of love,
  Doth light and glory shed;
From clime to clime extends his sway,
And takes his saints' reproach away.

To worlds unseen do we
  Extend a blissful hope,
Where death and victory
  Shall soon be swallow'd up;
Nor place, nor minds, nor forms decay,
Where God shall wipe all tears away.

In that auspicious day,
  Exalted on his throne,
The ransom'd all shall say,
  "This is our God alone;"
And those who've waited, Lord, for thee,
With joy shall thy salvation see.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
  Whose pow'r alone creation rules,
Thou great, thou glorious, and Most High,
  Assist us with our Sabbath Schools.

Wisdom, we ask, our flocks to lead
  In paths illumined by thy throne;
Each trembling effort, Lord, succeed,
  And all our various labours own.

We claim no skill our schools to bless,
  This great prerogative is thine;
Then deeply on our minds impress
  The knowledge of thy truth divine.

Make us the instruments to guide
  Unnumber'd youthful souls above;
Where child and cherub side by side,
  Chaunt in sweet strains redeeming love.

Spirit of love, shine round the earth,
  Bid sires and sons their triumphs raise,
Give nation after nation birth,
  Till all that breathe resound thy praise.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is a bright and burning fire,
  That glows upon the Christian's soul;
Which lifts its elevated spire,
  Where everlasting ages roll;
It fills the realm of endless day,
With beams of pure and spotless ray.

Love is a vast expansive sea,
  Where flow the swells of gospel grace;
Its bounds are only known to thee,
  The Deity, that fills all space;
And there do circling pleasures heave,
Respondent as the yielding wave.

Love is the radiant-rainbow, seen
  Suspended in the vault of heaven;
Blending its azure, gold, and green,
  Emblem of pure redemption given;
The pledge of life, 't is mercy's bow,
Where all heav'n's richer beauties glow.

Love is the grand ecliptic way,
  Where faithful souls describe their course;
And circling round the orb of day,
  God is their centre and their source;
On beams of light, they mount on high,
To shine in worlds above the sky.

Love forms the splendour of the throne,
  The glory of the courts above,
Pure and celestial light alone,
  'T is God himself, for "God is love;"
The Christian's all, his portion this,
Heaven 's his home, and love his bliss.

MY GREAT REDEEMER'S LOVE TO ME.

My soul, awake! and wake my lyre,
Touched as Isaiah's lips with fire;
In grateful, holy accents raise
A tribute to redeeming grace.
May all that perfect love of thine,
In all its glowing lustre shine;
Assist me with its light to see
My great Redeemer's love to me.

This fading world cannot bestow
The bliss my soul was formed to know;
Nor can the things of time and space
Give pleasures like redeeming grace.
If Jesus but pronounce me blest,
Then I enjoy a pleasing rest;
My soul doth then enraptured see
My great Redeemer's love to me.

Eternal Father, Holy Sire!
Fill my whole soul with hallow'd fire,
Around me be thy glories shed,
To warm my heart and cheer my head.
Let thy most holy will be done,
Aid me to worship thee alone;
To love thy cross, and there to see
My great Redeemer's love to me.

Then let life's scenes glide swift away,
And bring that final, joyful day;
'Midst bending millions I will raise
Anthems of sweet, unceasing praise;
In pure and undecaying bliss,
Through endless years, in perfect peace,
Where, in full triumph, I shall see
My great Redeemer's love to me.

GIVE ME A LOT WITH THY PEOPLE.

Holy Lord, I long to be
Full of love and purity;
Let me all thy gifts possess;
Abra'm's faith and righteousness;
Isaac's pure and virtuous mind,
Ever peacefully inclined;
Jacob's Bethel may I share,
With his prevalence in prayer.

O, may I that meekness gain,
Faithful Moses did obtain;
Pass with him the sever'd flood,
Face to face converse with God.
Wholly given up to thee,
Fain would I with Caleb be,
Then to move at thy command,
With Joshua to the promised land.

David's sacred lyre impart,
Form me after thine own heart,
Waken Israel's minstrelsy,
Let the numbers fall on me.
God of all the prophets thou,
Cast thy mantle o'er us now,
Guide us all, through thee forgiven,
In Elijah's car to heaven.

Let my blissful portion be
With those souls that follow thee;
Help me their reproach to bear,
All their glorious gifts to share.
Make me worthy to appear
Where thy holy prophets are;
With their heavenly graces blest,
With them share an endless rest.

Jesus, Shepherd of the flock,
Higher than ourselves the Rock:
Mind of all we would possess,
Thine so pure, so full of grace.

Washed in thy atoning blood,
Wholly sanctified to God;
Cleansed from all defilement free,
Let us rise, O Lord, with thee.

Soon we hope the saints to meet,
Peter, James, and John to greet;
Paul and Timothy beside,
When beyond life's raging tide;
All the ancient fathers, too,
Who the love of Jesus knew;
Martyrs, who have sealed with blood
All the precious truths of God.

Soon as time's short race is run,
Heaven's high cliffs we 'll shout upon;
Wesley there, and numbers more,
Shall redeeming love adore.
Jesus shall with crowns adorn,
Thousands once in forests born,
Those who mingled sighs and pray'r,
Shall in heav'n its glory share.

Christians, are you bound for bliss,
From your sins have you release?
Are you holy, pure, and good,
Wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood?
Fully pledged I am to you,
Your joys to share, your crosses too;
And when you to heaven repair,
Let me join your triumphs there.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

JESUS! my Saviour, thee I claim,
The holy virtues of whose name
My sins shall far remove;
Thy precious blood, if thou apply,
Shall fully cleanse and purify,
And fill my soul with love.

Thy word from ancient chaos brought
Those spheres which, past all human thought
Through boundless space revolve;
And this, immutably, shall stand
When stars, and orbs, and sky, and land,
To nothing shall dissolve.

Indulge a feeble worm of dust,
On thy sure promises to trust,
Remote from every fear;
And in the labour of thy love,
Assist me cheerfully to move,
Till Jesus shall appear.

Saviour, delight in me, and bless
My soul with thy pure holiness,
Make all my joys mature;
Fully maintain within my breast,
Thy grace, thy kingdom, and thy rest,
Unchangeably secure.

Then bring me where I shall behold
Th' gates of pearl, and streets of gold,
And life's ambrosial tree;
The crystal streams, the throne of God,
The white-robed millions wash'd in blood,
To live eternally.

THY WILL BE DONE.

SAVIOUR! with earnest humble prayer,
My soul approaches near thy throne;
To all my wants incline thine ear,
And let thy holy "will be done."

I would from every sin depart,
By faith on thee depend alone;
Shed thy kind influence on my heart,
And in me let "thy will be done."

With holiness renew my mind,
O thou who didst for all atone;
Bid me complete redemption find—
Thy gracious will in me be done.

I thirst, I hunger, Lord, for thee,
Perfect the work thou hast begun;
Thy promises confirm to me,
And let me know thy will is done.

I would, O Lord, united be
  With thee, "and with the Father one,"
Wholly inspired and loved by thee —
  Not mine, but thy blest "will be done."

Preserve in me this holy bliss,
  Long as life's trembling sands may run;
The bound'ries of thy love increase,
  Till all thy will on earth is done.

Then far beyond time's troubled sea,
  Guided the dangers all to shun;
O may I dwell in heaven with thee,
  Where nothing but thy will is done.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.

Pure and Holy Lamb of God,
Let my heart be thy abode;
Mercy's richest grace bestow,
Rule within my bosom now.

Cleanse, O cleanse my soul from sin,
Plant thy holy mind within;
All thy gracious gifts impart,
Reign the sovereign of my heart.

Let me live an heir of thine,
In thy heavenly image shine;
All I have I give to thee,
Now and to eternity.

Jesus, from thy courts on high,
All my daily wants supply,
All my gratitude receive,
In my best affections live.

Let my passing moments be
All devoted, Lord, to thee;
Use me in thy loved employ,
Then receive me to thy joy.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.

Whom in the heavens have I but thee,
O thou Eternal Holy One!
And all those glittering orbs I see,
Are works thy mighty hands have done.

Before whom angels spread their wings,
To screen the grandeur from their view;
My soul with reverence bows and sings,
To God, the holy, just and true.

Like as the panting mountain roe,
  Thy presence, Lord, I long to see;
Of things in heaven, or earth below,
  I would surrender all for thee.

Thou art the object of my hope,
  Strength of my faith, and source of joy;
When wilt thou, Saviour, call me up,
  To join the ransom'd hosts on high.

The love of God! what perfect bliss!
  When Jesus shows his smiling face,
Not Eden's bloom did e'er possess
  Superior pleasures to his grace.

My soul shall boast in thee, my Lord,
  Thou art my fortress, rock and tower;
And on my heart thou wilt record
  The greatness of thy love and power.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Hail! the supreme Almighty God!
Whose works extend o'er earth abroad;
His wonders through creation shine,
Full of harmonious design.

Hail! to the majesty on high,
Whose providence our wants supply;
Who bids the fruitful seasons bear
Their rich abundance year by year.

Hail! the Incarnate Holy One,
Praises are due to Him alone,
Who on Mount Calvary shed his blood,
To raise a fallen world to God.

Eternal Power, around me shine,
Inspire this trembling soul of mine;
To endless life, the earnest give,
And teach thy servant how to live.

While near thy sheltering throne I hide,
Be thou my sure defence, and guide;
And when celestial crowns are given,
Take my immortal soul to heaven.

FULNESS OF LOVE.

FATHER of love, before thy face,
The humble suppliant knee we bow;
According to thy glorious grace,
Strengthen our trembling spirits now.

May Christ within us ever dwell,
  Nor thence again his place remove;
In holiness may we excel,
  Rooted and grounded in his love.

O that with all thy people we
  May know the length and depth of love,
To bathe in that unfathom'd sea,
  Where no unwelcome billows move

Fill all our waiting souls with love,
  And sanctify us through thy word;
Our love to sin far off remove,
  And make us like to thee, our Lord.

Thy power unchanged, doth still remain,
  And as thy power thy mercies are;
Our souls do thou with grace sustain,
  Till Jesus shall from heaven appear.

LIVING ON CHRIST.

Ye fearful, trembling souls, arise,
And press to gain that glorious prize,
Gird the whole Christian's armour on,
And live by faith on Christ alone.

'T is faith in Jesus' promised word,
Unites us to our common Lord;
He that believes shall be forgiven,
And made th' adopted heir of heaven.

Jesus hath opened by his blood,
A new and living way to God,
And now may all with open face,
Come boldly to the throne of grace.

Jesus, our advocate above,
Distributes free the gifts of love,
And grace, like streams that onward roll,
Spreads heavenly life from pole to pole.

The barren wastes and deserts bloom,
The heaths do fruitful fields become,
And praise from distant lands arise,
In clouds of incense to the skies.

See kindred souls of different tongues,
Unite their worship and their songs;
While millions round the cross repair,
Bringing their gifts and homage there.

THE CROSS, REDEMPTION, GLORY.

Captives and exiles here on earth,
Exposed to evils from our birth
And death's dark gloomy shade:
Like transient flowers with pencillings gay,
We bloom and wither in a day
Then in the dust are laid.

To climes less rude we were design'd,
More genial both to life and mind;
Far from time's ruthless hand;
This, this is but a life of hope,
And only as from Pisgah's top,
We see the promised land.

O'er Judah's crimson'd mountain lies
The pathway leading to the skies,
Illumined from the throne;
There beams inexplicable love,
Such as the Deity could move,
And Deity alone.

Celestial light breaks o'er the world,
And sin's dark clouds are downward hurl'd
To final destiny;
Mount Calvary is all in flame,
And gloriously th' eternal name
Is graven on the tree.

'T is love, magnificently great!
'T is glory, of eternal weight!
'T is God descending there!
And O! how far surpassing thought,
Within that name so strangely wrought,
I see my own appear.

O glorious, all-absorbing sight,
Earth's bliss supreme, heaven's full delight,
Mysterious act divine;
So frail, so marr'd, yet so beloved,
I bow with holy reverence moved,
O'erwhelm'd with the design.

Redemption, O! unfathom'd bliss,
My soul o'erflows with love of this;
How sweet its pleasures are!
When shall I all its charms possess,
Its pure and spotless holiness,
In rich luxuriance share?

Resplendent from th' eternal sphere,
The op'ning radiant heavens appear,
In beautiful array;
And from those peaceful courts above,
Perpetual messages of love
The angel bands convey.

Millions within those jasper bounds,
Adorn'd with beauteous starry crowns,
Of matchless brilliancy,

Through these dark, dreary storms of life,
In bleeding woes, and painful strife,
Endured the cross like me.

Tell me, O Lord, shall heaven be mine?
'Midst such illustrious forms to shine,
Hast thou a place for me?
With these bright circling orbs to move
In grandeur round the throne of love
To all eternity?

REMEMBER ME.

Thou great Eternal, kind and good,
Whose wond'rous works I see;
From thy supremely high abode,
O Lord, remember me.

O thou who didst our flesh assume,
Who died on Calvary:
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come—
Then, Lord, remember me.

When in thy beauteous courts I tread,
To bow the suppliant knee;
O that the Church's glorious Head
Would then remember me.

There, with thy people while I stay,
  T' adore and worship thee,
How sweet the moments pass away,
  If thou remember me!

Or when sequester'd I shall bend,
  To offer prayer to thee;
In glorious majesty descend,
  And then remember me.

To thee shall all my days be given,
  Whate'er their number be;
And these shall form a type of heaven,
  If thou remember me.

Preserve, O Lord, our children dear,
  From all corruption free;
And bring them round thy throne t' appear,
  And then remember me.

And when to pass the lonely vale
  The curfew tolls for me;
No terrors shall my heart assail,
  Remember'd, Lord, by thee.

And when the term of life shall close,
  And death shall set me free;
Then, with an heavenly, calm repose,
  O Lord, remember me.

LOOKING FOR HEAVEN.

Rejoice, ye worthies, who, allured
To happier worlds. have long endured
Life's complicated ills;
With cheerful, persevering hope,
To those blest scenes be looking up,
Which God with glory fills.

Where long the ancient courts have stood,
The city of the living God,
Onward let us repair,
The grandeur of those realms to see,
Their glories, and their purity,
With all heaven's hosts to share.

Here, thorns and briars throng the way,
And fearful clouds obscure the day,
And dangers lurk abroad;
'T is not our permanent abode,
'T is but a lodge, whence is the road
Leading us home to God.

As all our great forefathers were,
So we, their sons, sojourners are,
In quest of joys on high;
With all the heirs of promise, blest,
As partners of that future rest,
Reserved above the sky.

Then with a calm and heavenly hope,
Together let us still look up,
The Lord will surely come;
And bid our ransom'd spirits rise,
Above the starry vaulted skies,
To our eternal home.

All hail! that happy blissful day,
When God shall call from earth away,
To range the landscapes o'er;
To lay our trophies at his feet,
And all his wond'rous love repeat,
While endless years endure.

THE SERVANT LIKE HIS MASTER.

O FOR that mild pacific mind,
Jesus my master did possess,
Patient, compassionate, and kind,
And full of truth and holiness.

A soul enrich'd with every grace,
With every virtuous, pure design;
Free, as the ample bounds of space,
And tranquil as the spheres that shine.

Inspired with goodness from above,
To ornament the Christian name;
My bosom, warm'd with ardent love,
Shall be in every place the same.

Be this my uniform desire,
  Submissive to thy faithful word;
Then shall I happily acquire
  A true resemblance to my Lord.

DESIRING THE LOVE OF GOD.

Jesus, my Lord, in whom alone
  The unseen Deity resides;
To me thy gift of love make known,
  O thou whose power o'er all presides.

Humbly I would approach thy throne,
  With just conceptions of thy grace;
O may my state through sin be shown,
  And then the glories of thy face.

The darkness of my mind illume,
  Chase every lingering cloud away;
And let my soul throughout become
  Bright as the summer's beam of day

My vast pollutions all remove,
  Leave no one lurking sin behind;
Then introduce redeeming love,
  To cleanse and beautify my mind.

O make my soul thy dwelling place,
  Thy blest, unchangeable abode,
Spread there such perfectness of grace
  As shall become the house of God.

More and more holy may I be,
  In joy, and grief alike unmoved;
My bliss be all derived from thee,
  By thee redeem'd, by thee beloved.

Nature may sink, and years shall fail,
  And orbs wax old, and time decay;
But thy pure love shall still prevail,
  When spheres and time are swept away.

Could heaven's immense revolving host,
  Bow in submission to my call;
For Jesus' love to sinners lost,
  I freely would surrender all.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Sing, O my soul, in sweetest lay,
  The Saviour's hallow'd name;
Bring thy best offering day by day,
  His glories to proclaim.

His praises shall my bosom charm,
  And every number move;
And grace shall every passion warm,
  While blest with Jesus' love.

Mortals, revere His holy name,
  Your sweetest notes prepare;
May sacred fire your hearts inflame,
  His goodness to declare.

Come all ye "first-born sons of God,"
  Your loudest anthems raise;
Bear your Redeemer's fame abroad,
  And give him constant praise.

Sing, ye redeem'd, above the sky,
  Ye "just made perfect," sing;
Lift your triumphant voices high,
  And endless tribute bring.

Cherub and cherubim repeat
  His greatness in your song;
Adore and worship at his feet,
  With all the heavenly throng.

Far in those realms of radiant light,
  Eternal praise be given;
And ransom'd millions, with delight,
  Shall sing his name in heaven.

FOR FULL SALVATION.

O THOU great Eternal Saviour,
  Deign to bring salvation near;
Give to every soul thy favour,
  Bid thy kingdom now appear;
        Kind Redeemer,
  Let us all thy image bear.

Jesus, gentle Shepherd, lead us,
  Guide us through this vale below,
On the richest pasture feed us,
  May we all thy goodness know;
        Boundless goodness
  To the chief of sinners show.

Now diffuse thy Holy Spirit,
  Sanctify us in thy name,
With thy saints may we inherit
  Full redemption through the Lamb;
        And his presence
Shall our souls with love inflame.

With the ways of God delighted,
  Sing we in the sweetest lays;
In the bonds of love united,
  Cheerfully we 'll spend our days,
        With our Saviour,
  Fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

O! thou Source of endless glory,
Shine with splendour from on high;
Then our happy souls shall love thee,
Friend of sinners ever nigh;
From thy kingdom
All our daily wants supply.

O! what lovely scenes await us,
Climes the cherubim explore;
Bliss most pure prepared by Jesus,
Where the righteous sigh no more;
O how happy
Those who gain that heavenly shore.

FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SAVIOUR of all, and God of power,
The spirit of thy grace impart;
The glorious, penticostal shower
Freely bestow on every heart;
With glowing love our souls inspire,
And grant the ancient tongues of fire.

To each the heavenly kingdom give,
Of peace, and joy, and righteousness;
Bid us thy goodness all receive,
The fulness of thy holiness;
Free conquest o'er the mind obtain,
And there in all thy pleasure reign.

To all on earth thy love extend,
  Shine as the bright and morning star;
Thy word to every nation send,
  And bring thy "ransom'd sons from far;"
Thy scatter'd Israel gather home,
And bid the final triumph come.

OUR FUTURE REST.

HERE, we have no abiding place,
  A better country we desire;
Where the pure beams of heavenly grace,
  Each blissful spirit doth inspire.

Few are the pleasures found on earth,
  And frail and transient is their day;
The op'ning morn may give them birth,
  At noon they are dissolved away.

"Strangers and pilgrims" we remain,
  As all our predecessors were;
Life's various toils with them sustain,
  That we may in their triumphs share.

Earth and its joys we count but loss,
  The knowledge of our Lord to gain;
And patiently endure the cross,
  That brighter worlds we may obtain.

Dead to the things of time, we live,
  And glory in Christ crucified;
Our lives a holy pledge we give
  "To Him who loved us and hath died."

In heaven, our conversation is,
  Whence look we for the Lord to come;
Our bodies changed, shall then, like his,
  A far more glorious mould assume.

Redeeming love! our motto this,
  Salvation, our inspiring flame;
Our glory and perpetual bliss,
  Redemption through the Saviour's name.

We long for heaven, where all the blest
  The grandeur of that kingdom share;
And labour to obtain that rest
  Where all our great forefathers are.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE TO ALL.

Jesus! thy holy name
  Hath been our dwelling-place,
Thy years remain the same,
  Thy throne, the throne of grace;
Thy mercies unto all are free,
He died for all who died for me.

So mighty was his love,
  While enemies we were;
He left the courts above,
  A thorny crown to wear;
And on the cross, on Calvary,
He died for all who died for me.

The Prince of life hath died,
  For us he shed his blood:
His feet, and hands, and side,
  Pour'd an atoning flood;
His love, it was so full and free,
He died for all who died for me.

The high and Holy One,
  Himself in offering gave,
His well-beloved Son,
  A ruin'd world to save;
And on the clift of Calvary,
He died for all who died for me.

Rich "pardon bought with blood,"
  His open'd wounds convey;
And in the crimson'd flood,
  Our sins are wash'd away;
Forgiveness unto all is free,
He died for all who died for me.

Our great High Priest alone
  Our souls can purify;

And from the eternal throne,
  Can perfect love supply;
Can cleanse from all pollution free,
And died for all mankind and me.

His pure, unbounded love,
  To every soul is given;
And from the courts above,
  He calls the world to heaven;
His love to all mankind is free,
And all may his salvation see.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

HAIL! to the great Eternal Power,
  Founder of earth and sky;
Zion's defence we will adore,
  He doth our wants supply.

Jehovah's name, all tribes shall sing,
  Scatter'd o'er earth abroad;
And trembling babes and sires shall bring
  Their offerings to the Lord.

Hosannas to the Son of God,
  Enraptured hosts shall raise;
And thousands wash'd in Jesus' blood,
  Shall hymn his glorious praise.

Salvation to the Lord above,
  Whose power adorns all space;
Let all who feel his mighty love,
  Adore his boundless grace.

How wonderful his works have been,
  His wisdom and his skill;
And in "things visible," are seen
  The counsels of his will.

Those hosts of glittering spheres on high,
  Were moulded by his hand;
The beams which gild the morning sky
  Brighten at his command.

My trembling soul, be this thy Lord,
  Glorious is he alone;
Love him, who saved thee by his word,
  The high and Holy One.

Let ceaseless praises give employ
  To earth's unnumber'd tongues;
While heaven repeats the pleasing joy,
  In its eternal songs.

WORSHIP.

In submission, Lord, to thee,
Lo! I humbly bow my knee;
Lend me now thy gracious ear,
Kindly hearken to my prayer.

In thy courts while I remain,
Let me free acceptance gain;
Advocate, O Lord, my claim,
Plead the merit of thy name.

Jesus, thou thy gifts prepare,
Then within the veil appear;
O'er the mercy-seat of God
Pour thy sacrificial blood.

Full atonement make for me,
From all sin absolve me free;
Eden's bowers to me restore,
Whence I shall depart no more.

Heav'nly-minded may I be,
Holding intercourse with thee;
With thy purity imprest,
With thy gracious image blest.

Can I ask a richer store,
Than to love thee more and more;
Thee alone t' adore and bless,
Full of goodness, full of peace?

TO THE TRINITY.

FATHER, thou, whose wond'rous might,
  Form'd this wide creation;
Who once brought from ancient night,
  Heav'n's best radiation;
With the morning stars, would we
  Chant our hymns before thee,
At thine altar bow the knee,
  Worship and adore thee.

Jesus, hallow'd be thy name,
  Holy Prince and Saviour;
Thou, immutably the same,
  Love thee, we will ever.
Bless us with redeeming grace,
  Form in us thy spirit;
Bring us to behold thy face,
  Thy glory to inherit.

Holy Spirit, from on high,
  Spread o'er us thy pinion;
Sin and all its powers destroy,
  Prostrate its dominion.
Cleansed and holy may we live,
  Sanctified before thee;
And from our full souls receive
  Ceaseless hymns of glory.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Aid us to adore thee;
Then, with all the heavenly host,
  Sing, we will, before thee,
Honour, praise, and power, be
  Now and ever given;
To the Holy Trinity,
  In both earth and heaven.

DEVOTIONAL.

Jesus, let me ever be
Dedicated all to thee;
With thy gracious Spirit blest,
Earnest of a future rest.

Make me truly good and kind,
Fill'd with all my Saviour's mind;
Free from all the stains of sin,
Wholly purified within.

Place my whole affections where
Truth and holiness appear;
With an humble, cheerful hope
Bid me still to thee look up.

Faithful Shepherd, let me be
Constantly supplied by thee;
Daily, as my wants demand,
Spread to me thy bounteous hand.

Near thy open'd, bleeding side,
Let my peaceful soul abide;
Never from thy cross remove,
Full of my Redeemer's love.

Happy, if I can enjoy
Love, unmingled with alloy;
From corruption ever free,
Let me live and die to thee.

DESIRING ACCESS TO GOD.

O THOU indulgent Lord,
  Supreme in holiness;
The only true incarnate Word,
  Thy praying people bless.

Give me access to thee,
  Admission to thy throne;
My life, my powers, O let them be
  Engaged to thee alone.

My passions warm'd with love,
  O how I long to feel,
The spirit's peaceful witness prove,
  The covenant and seal.

I would be wholly thine,
  Thy utmost mercy know;
My all into thy care resign,
  While dwelling here below.

Grant me my full desire,
  The power, O Lord, is thine;
My soul and every thought inspire,
  And every power refine.

Thou only can'st supply
  A rich and full reward;
Then with thy servant's prayer comply,
  According to thy word.

Thy promises I claim,
  Thy mercy, love, and power;
The healing virtue of thy name,
  To save me evermore.

Thy faithful word is sure,
  On which I still depend;
It shall my bliss through life secure,
  And guide me to the end.

Thy goodness shall employ
  My last and latest years,
Till raised to my Redeemer's joy,
  Beyond this vale of tears.

Where crowns of life are given,
And all thy will is done;
O bring me with thy saints to heaven,
Thou gracious Holy One.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Religion is a power divine,
A sacred unction from above;
Th' eternal light, on earth to shine,
Radiant with beams of truth and love.

Religion is abundant grace,
And holiness to mortals given,
Redemption to the mortal race,
Eternal life, sent down from heaven.

Religion is a virtue pure,
And cheerful, generous and kind,
Which shall from age to age endure,
An ornament to grace the mind.

Religion is a bright display
Of things most lovely, just, and true;
A light to our benighted way,
Pointing to happier worlds in view.

Religion is the purest stream
  Of love to God and all mankind,
And where its crystal currents teem,
  Superior happiness we find.

Religion is humility,
  The loveliest habit of the mind;
'T is faith, and hope, and charity,
  And gracious fruit of every kind.

Religion patiently endures
  With all life's griefs and ills extreme,
And gently by the cross allures,
  To fairer prospects, more supreme.

Religion sheds consoling tears
  O'er human woe, and deep distress,
And comforts in abundance bears
  To widows, and the fatherless.

Religion sheds abundant peace,
  In rich profusion o'er the soul;
And all discordant passions cease,
  And pure delight pervades the whole.

Religion is the throne of God,
  Around which angels hymn their praise
Which spreads its beauties all abroad,
  Filling the ample bounds of space.

Religion is immortal love,
  The joy of ransom'd souls in heaven;
Its pleasures fill the courts above,
  Where everlasting life is given.

REMEMBER ME.

Jesus, permit a feeble worm
  The visions of thy face to see;
And, while in life's conflicting storms,
  Remember me.

Let me thy gracious image bear,
  Purge me from all pollution free;
With those who most thy favour shar
  Remember me.

Whate'er will form a holy mind,
  Goodness, and love, and purity,
With all thou can'st bestow most kin
  Remember me.

In secret prayer, whene'er I bow,
  In presence of the Deity,
How happy is the place, if thou
  Remember me!

Or, when within thy courts I tread,
  To sing thy praise, or bow my knee;
How glorious if the church's Head
    Remember me.

When press'd by languishing disease,
  O may I lean my soul on thee;
Most joyful if my Lord will please
    Remember me.

Or if declining to the tomb,
  From sorrow struggling to be free;
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come,
    Remember me.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

HAIL! David's powerful Lord,
  The great, the good, the high;
His wond'rous works are spread abroad
  Through earth, and sea, and sky.

"Lo! on the heavens he rides,"
  In glorious majesty,
And he omnipotently guides
  Those numerous spheres we see.

Jehovah, glorious thou,
  The invisible I AM;
Thy gracious love to sinners show,
  The glory of thy name.

Redeeming love is thine,
  Worthy indeed of God;
And thou hast caused this love to shine
  On fallen man's abode.

Far, far my guilt remove,
  Through Jesus crucified;
And bid me in redeeming love,
  Stand ever justified.

My inbred sin expel,
  Its last remains destroy;
And in my bosom cause to dwell
  An unmolested joy.

Rule, thou, Jeshurun's God!
  As sovereign of my love;
And make my heart thine own abode,
  Thence never to remove.

Be thou my sure defence,
  My hope and hiding place;
Aid me to trust thy providence,
  And never-failing grace.

My flesh indeed is weak,
  And passing great the boon;
Yet if Infinity shall speak,
  The work it shall be done.

Most fully I believe
  All power belongs to thee;
I shall thy promised grace,
  Thy full salvation see.

O be my guardian still,
  In all my paths attend,
Assist me to obey thy will,
  And keep me to the end.

HAPPY IS SUCH A PEOPLE.

ETERNAL Source of heavenly day,
Chase the clouds of night away;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Gloriously illume our skies.

Thou our Shepherd ever be,
Then like flocks we'll follow thee;
Each thy fostering care to prove,
And thy kind paternal love.

Where our scatter'd tents are spread,
Blessings in profusion shed;
O'er each verdant hill and plain,
Breathe, O breathe, thy peace again.

Make thy people truly blest,
Give to each a place of rest;
Fruitful lands for all prepare,
Kindly fold and feed them there.

Make the vernal seasons bloom,
Lovely may the vales become;
Zion's fertile soil prepare,
Fruit luxuriantly to bear.

Cheer'd with heaven's descending dew,
Gracefully our earth renew;
Under fair and happier skies,
Bid more beauteous landscapes rise.

Where the sweet and fragrant breeze,
Waves the dappled fields and trees;
Where the noon-tide's golden beam,
Glimmers in the crystal stream.

There thy faithful people lead,
O'er the gay and flowery mead;
Or beneath the ambrosial shade,
In recumbent circles spread.

Eden's peaceful bowers restore,
Thence may we depart no more;
Guard the alluring paths of ill,
Wholly sanctify our will.

Hallow every fond desire,
Every blissful hope inspire;
Heavenward ev'ry bosom move,
Fill'd with all the charms of love.

IN AFFLICTION.

Lord, dost thou thy servant see,
Bending with infirmity;
Feeble, faint, with pain opprest,
Looking up to thee for rest?

If that I am truly thine,
Bid me on thy breast recline;
Sweet repose for me prepare,
Give me consolation there.

Grant to me a holy mind,
Pure in principle, and kind;
Gently o'er my spirit move,
Fill me with thy special love.

Saviour, thou art mighty still,
Can I ask beyond thy will?
Kindly say, "there shall be given
Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven."

Boundless praise to thee is due,
Offer'd every morning new;
This alone shall spend my days,
Ardent, ceaseless, constant praise.

AM I A HOLY CHRISTIAN?

Am I a holy Christian, Lord,
According to thy faithful word?
Have all my thoughts, and acts, and ways,
Combined to celebrate thy praise?

Truly enlighten'd have I been,
Deeply convinced of guilt and sin?
Born of the Spirit from above,
And constantly supplied with love?

Has grace alone disposed my heart
Freely with all its sins to part?
And has that holiness been given,
Which moulds and fits the soul for heaven?

Have I received, each passing hour,
The spirit's witness, gifts, and power?
In my best thoughts have truth and grace,
Obtain'd the most distinguish'd place?

Holy have my affections been,
My motives pure, my conscience clean?
Have all my powers in patient hope
Without reserve been given up?

Have I esteem'd this world as dross,
And gloried in my Saviour's cross?
With Christ have I been satisfied,
To triumph, or be crucified?

On all occasions do I feel
My soul to burn with ardent zeal;
Myself a faithful servant prove,
By true benevolence and love?

Have I my earliest love retain'd,
And other useful virtues gain'd;
Making accession to the store,
In grace abounding more and more?

True humbieness do I possess,
Simplicity and gentleness;
A cheerful, unoffending friend,
Peaceful, affectionate, and kind?

In duteous works do I abound,
Within thy vineyard am I found;
No murmuring thought, or wish express
That joys were more or sorrows less?

Calm and contented can I say
The times and seasons glide away;
Nor scenes, nor circumstance, nor place,
Disturb my peace, or mar my grace?

Ah! Lord, my feebleness I own,
I nothing am when left alone;
But thou can'st perfect strength impart,
To change and renovate my heart.

O chase the darkness from my mind,
And eye-sight furnish to the blind;
Feed thou the poor and thirsty soul,
And make the sick and dying whole.

From thee, O Lord, may I receive,
Blessings which thou alone can'st give;
Love, joy, and peace, thou wilt supply,
In daily portions from on high.

In thee all holiness is found,
And endless life, and peace abound;
With bliss so pure, so freely given,
That earth itself resembles heaven.

Grace makes the barren deserts bloom,
The heath a fertile land become;
And heavenly currents as they glide,
Spread flowers and fruit from side to side.

O that my heart were full of grace,
Of truth, and power, and righteousness;
This, only this, on me bestow,
Long as I range this vale below.

And when frail nature shall decay,
And life's last sighs are hush'd away;
With this my fond request comply,
Let me a holy Christian die.

This is alone my glorious hope,
My comfort and sustaining prop;
To gain at last that blissful shore,
Where happy spirits part no more.

DIVINE INTERCOURSE

Happy the faithful souls that live
  In constant intercourse with heaven;
Who from the Father's grace receive
  The fulness of the spirit given.

Delightful commerce, sweet employ,
  Duty most sacred and divine;
The Christian tastes peculiar joy,
  When heavenly mercies round him shine.

Happy the consecrated place,
  Where life immortal beams around;
How high the raptures, full the grace,
  Where holy fellowship is found.

'T is here the thirsty souls are fill'd,
  The humble, peaceful mourners blest;
The weak sustain'd, the wounded heal'd,
  And all the wearied find a rest.

Ten thousand gifts of richest love,
  By God himself are freely given:
And mortals, from the courts above,
  Are graciously prepared for heaven.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I LOVE thy tabernacle, Lord,
  I love to meet thy people there;
To hear and feel thy faithful word,
  And mingle holy praise and prayer.

I love to hear the voice of praise,
  When Zion strikes her tuneful lyre;
The soul-inspiring, rapturous lays,
  And soft, melodious, sounding choir.

How sweet the presence of the Lord,
  As heavenly beams of light descend;
When power divine attends the word,
  And saints in holy reverence bend.

I love the feeling, melting shower,
  So gently coming from above;
The cloud of mercy passing o'er,
  Fresh from the crystal fount of love.

My Father's residence how fair,
  In which his faithful sons are found;
The chamber of his presence, where
  The richest comforts do abound.

Here the aggrieved a solace find,
  The poor are blest, the hungry fed;
The pleasures heaven for man design'd,
  Are all in rich profusion spread.

Happy those faithful souls shall be,
  Who, numbering in thy courts their days,
Do, in celestial prospect, see
  Glories on which th' archangels gaze

My soul doth ardently desire
  The beauty of the Lord to view;
Within his temple to inquire,
  And all his righteous paths pursue.

The holy worship of my Lord,
  O may its charms inspire my breast;
Till I shall rise, through grace restored,
  To mansions of eternal rest.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

FATHER, in cheerful concert, we
Present our daily prayer to thee;
By love united heart and hand,
We round the family altar stand.

From every sin preserve us free,
Make us a holy family;
And let our humble sacrifice
Ascend like incense to the skies.

Our mutual offerings, let them be
Inspired, and then approved by thee;
Adorn us from thy courts above,
With all the gracefulness of love.

When at each opening, rising day,
We read thy word, and praise and pray;
May plenteous grace to each be given,
And make our family meet for heaven.

O may our children round us be,
Like branches of the olive tree;
Furnish a record of each name,
In the fair volume of the Lamb.

Jesus, do thou each footstep guide,
And keep us safely near thy side;
To mutual love our hearts incline,
And make our family circle thine.

While here amidst life's cares we move
"Be each to each endear'd with love;'
And when from earth release is given
Bring our whole family to heaven

FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Jesus, my soul to thee looks up,
The bright, the morning star of hope;
Full on my heavenly path display
The soul-enlivening beams of day.

Guide me the way my Saviour trod,
Following his footsteps up to God;
Till, being changed from grace to grace,
I shall, unveil'd, behold his face.

On heaven's embattled heights to see
God's empire of immensity;
In pure immortal climes above,
To sweep those golden harps of love.

In endless banquetings to join,
Where saints and seraphs both combine,
Amidst the grandeurs of the throne,
To adore th' eternal Holy One.

SPIRITUAL DEVOTION.

How sweet is that mind
Which to love is inclined,
Of a peaceable spirit possess'd;
What charms there are found,
Where those graces abound,
What pleasures reside in that breast.

My soul asks no more
Than a share of that store,
Which Jesus had promised to give;
To claim as my own,
A place near thy throne,
And with "spirits made perfect," to live.

After this, I aspire
With the fondest desire,
The goodness of God to adore;
Communion to find
With the Lord of mankind,
And retire from his presence no more.

O, 't is happy to live,
And always receive
The light which from glory doth shine;
On the promise confide,
In God's presence reside,
Assured that my Saviour is mine.

What superior bliss,
'T is worth living for, this,
My gracious Redeemer to know;
In Jesus' name,
There is goodness supreme,
Which eternity only can show.

PLEASURES OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

Jesus, our gifts to thee we bring,
Thy name to love, thy praise to sing;
The beauty of thy courts to see,
And bow, and love, and worship thee.

While in thy holy courts we stay,
Endow us with the gift to pray;
Each invocation kindly hear,
And send an answer to our prayer.

Bless us with pure and heavenly joy
Let holy praise our tongues employ;
Each tuneful melody inspire,
Touch'd with the true ethereal fire.

Sing we the cross and crimson flood,
The Saviour's rich, atoning blood;
His painful thirst and agony,
Upon the brow of Calvary.

That final, all-prevailing plea,
Express'd for all mankind and me;
"Forgive them," our Redeemer cried,
And bow'd his glorious head and died.

We 'll sing the resurrection power,
The victories o'er the tomb he bore;
The powers of death he captive led,
And rose in triumph from the dead.

We 'll sing of his ascent on high,
As Lord of both the earth and sky;
Our great High Priest before the throne,
The world's great Advocate alone.

Sing we that energy and power,
The cloven-tongues, and flaming shower;
The light diffused o'er earth abroad,
The spirit of the living God.

For this we humbly do aspire,
The glowing light, the burning fire;
The ancient sacrificial flame,
Obtain'd alone through Jesus' name.

Saviour, we love thy saints to meet,
When bow'd in worship at thy feet;
The heavenly calm, the peace that 's given
Bear strong affinity to heaven.

Than love itself, can heaven be more,
Except the vastness of the store?
This is the stream which flows most free;
That the unfathom'd, shoreless sea.

Father, our holy love inflame,
Increase our faith in Jesus' name;
Refresh our hopes and bid them rise
To scenes more glorious in the skies.

Jesus, on us thy mind impress,
Thy image and thy holiness;
Our souls from every sin set free,
And leave no room for aught but thee.

Renew our lapsed and fallen mind,
Through grace be every power refined;
In thee alone to live and move,
Ruled with the perfect law of love.

WORSHIP.

Jesus, Lord, we come before thee,
In thy beauteous courts we meet;
Where the cherubim of glory
Overspread the mercy-seat;
Deign to bless us,
While we worship at thy feet.

Speak, O Lord, our sins forgiven,
Wash us in thy crimson flood;
Cleanse and make us meet for heaven,
Through thy sacrificial blood;
Then our offerings
Bear before the throne of God.

While around thine altars bending,
Join'd as one in sweet accord;
Let us feel thy power descending,
In accordance with thy word;
All in concert,
Wait we for thy presence, Lord.

As the gentle dew is given,
  Or the teeming showers fall;
As the mighty winds from heaven,
  Give peculiar grace to all;
    And most kindly
Answer when thy people call.

By the influence of thy spirit,
  May our best affections move;
Through the virtue of thy merit,
  Each possess thy perfect love;
    Then enrol us
With the ransom'd hosts above.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FIRST PART.

Our Father, thou, the living God,
  Who art in heaven thy dwelling place;
Thy name be hallow'd and adored
  By all the tribes of Adam's race.

Thy kingdom, which is now begun,
  To every trembling soul be given;
Thy will in all the earth be done,
  As it is always done in heaven.

While in these sterile lands we live,
  On us our daily bread bestow;
And all our trespasses forgive,
  As we the same to others show.

Lead us not into trials, which
  Thy feeble servants cannot bear;
But prompt deliverance send to each,
  As threat'ning evils do appear.

Thine is the kingdom and the power,
  "God over all of truth and grace;"
Thy righteousness upon us shower,
  Make every soul thy dwelling place.

The glory also shall be thine,
  Thee only shall our hearts adore;
And in th' eternal realm we 'll shine,
  And hymn thy praises evermore.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SECOND PART.

Most Holy Father, we proclaim
  The heavens are thine abode;
All hallow'd be thy holy name,
  Thou gracious, kind, and good.

Thy kingdom as the noon-day sun
  Wide o'er the world be given;
Thy will in all the earth be done,
  As it is done in heaven.

And while permitted here to live,
  Our daily bread bestow;
And all our trespasses forgive,
  As we forgiveness show.

Lead us not into trials, which
  Thy servants cannot bear;
But send delivering grace to each,
  As evils do appear.

Thine is the kingdom, full of love,
  And joy, and righteousness;
And thine the power, which from above
  Brings everlasting peace.

Thine shall the glory also be,
  While endless years endure,
And we will sing sweet hymns to thee
  Both now and evermore.

WORSHIP.

Bless me, O my righteous Saviour,
  Evils far away remove;
Grant to me thy choicest favour,
  Fill me with redeeming love;
        Mould and form me
For the purer climes above.

Thou art pure, unsullied glory,
  Full of immortality;
I, a worm compared before thee,
  Nothing am, can nothing be;
    O Almighty,
Breathe the breath of life in me.

Holy Saviour, I adore thee,
  Thou, the suffering, bleeding Lamb;
Humbly I would bow before thee,
  O describe to me thy name;
    Tell me, Jesus,
Is thy love unchanged, the same?

Sweetly glows my heart with pleasure,
  As the pardoning God I view;
Whence the Spirit, without measure,
  (Like the soft descending dew,)
    Sheds its blessings,
All my vigour to renew.

O thou interceding Saviour,
  Give from heaven the kindling fire;
Enter thou my soul, and never,
  Never thence again retire;
    And my passions,
Every moment, Lord, inspire.

Let thy presence pass before me,
  In my heart reside alone;

Bid me now behold thy glory,
  Issuing from the sprinkled throne;
        O thou glorious,
"Holy, Holy, Holy One."

Jesus, Lord, divinely bless me,
  All my nature purify;
More and more with love impress me,
  And when life's last scenes draw nigh,
        Kindly bid me
Lay me on thy breast and die.

Nature's ties, I feel them sever
  As my soul aspires above;
O, to be embower'd forever,
  In the Eden of thy love;
        Where bright seraphs
In celestial orders move.

PATIENCE.

Patience, of heavenly gifts the best,
O may its influence rule my breast;
And in me constantly abide,
Long as on earth I shall reside.

I want of faith a patient kind,
Congenial to my Saviour's mind;
Fully persuaded he can bless
With pardon, peace, and righteousness.

I want a patient, fearless hope,
Which shall in trials bear me up,
Cast like an anchor, firm, to keep
My soul from sinking in the deep.

The gift of patient love impart,
Which moulds and purifies the heart;
This grace which most resembles thee,
Almighty Lord, bestow on me.

I ask a holy, patient zeal,
Unwearied in thy cause to feel;
With constant, tireless ardour press,
To gain thy spotless holiness.

Through all the passions of the mind,
With all the mental powers combined;
Let patience gain a full control,
And spread its triumphs o'er the whole.

May this dispose my better sense,
To love the ways of Providence;
No more to murmur or repine
At what th' Almighty shall design.

In sacred duties let me feel
Patience to do thy gracious will;
To labour with unceasing prayer,
Long as my Lord preserves me here.

And when temptations shall abound,
And clouds and darkness lower round;
My heart unmoved, shall trust thy name,
Whose changeless years remain the same.

And when by sore affliction press'd,
Patience shall calm and soothe my breast;
And this I 'll sing, should strength decay,
"The Lord who gave, may take away."

THE REFUGE.

Refuge of trembling souls, to thee,
From sin's oppressive scourge I flee,
Still keep me near thyself secure,
Long as life's varied ills endure.

Thou, who adorn'd the beauteous sky,
Look with a kind attentive eye;
Let me by thy direction move,
Encompass'd with thy guardian love.

My light and my salvation, thou,
O'er me thy shield defensive throw;
Thine arm of power shall still prevail,
Though wars may rise, and frauds assail.

'Midst treach'rous foes in hosts array'd,
My heart disdains to be afraid;
On thee alone I will confide,
And underneath thy shadow hide.

To thy loved courts will I repair,
To spend life's chequer'd remnant there;
The beauty of my Lord to see,
And sweet communion hold with thee.

Wait calmly on the Lord, my soul,
He will life's tumults all control;
Thou shalt ere long his ways approve,
How wise, how kind, how vast his love.

TRUST.

Encouraged by thy faithful word,
We venture on thy goodness, Lord;
Our suit with confidence sustain,
Since none e'er sought thy name in vain.

Mercy we ask, because it stands
Engraven on our Saviour's hands;
His bleeding brow, and opening side,
Present a balmy, healing tide.

The pity of our Lord we see,
Fully express'd on Calvary;
Bound on the tree, he cries "forgive,"
That poor rebellious souls might live.

Jesus, the Great and Holy One,
Died for offences not his own;
Then placed within the courts of God,
His precious sacrificial blood.

Strongly prevails his love for me,
Unequall'd and amazing, free;
Mercy and truth are freely given,
And peace, and righteousness from heaven.

O lead me to that crimson tide,
Which flowed from my Redeemer's side;
Bathe me in that all-cleansing flood,
That purifies our souls to God.

Jesus, transform me all within,
Purge me from the remains of sin;
Thy image let me now obtain,
And all thy holiness regain.

Bow thy heavens and then come down,
And make thy holy presence known;
Then loved, inspired and blest, shall we
Be fill'd with holiness and thee.

Redeem the world from death and sin,
The true millennial year bring in;
Bid endless life new powers assume,
And gain fresh triumph o'er the tomb.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit, gently pour
On this thirsty land a shower;
Bid the balmy zephyrs bring
All the fragrant bloom of spring.

As a highly cultured field,
Made abundantly to yield,
Make the fruits of grace appear,
In profuse luxuriance here.

Under new and milder skies,
Form a second paradise,
Where the passing hours may be
Spent in intercourse with thee.

Make our bounds with light to shine,
An holy heritage of thine;
Love with all its bliss restore,
Love enduring evermore.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

God is the refuge of my soul,
  My firm support, and strength, and tower;
And when the floods tumultuous roll,
  Displays his majesty and power.

Though the fierce ocean foams with rage,
  And dark and threat'ning clouds are seen,
God will the angry storms assuage,
  And speak the elements serene.

He in his excellency rides
  Above the azure vaulted sky;
And every faithful soul he guides
  Beyond the tempest's distant sigh.

Fearless I stand though friends all fail,
  And earth and hell combine their skill
For Israel's strength shall still prevail,
  And all his promises fulfil.

Long as life's murmuring stream shall flow,
  Be thou, O Lord, my soul's delight;
Teach me thy peace and love to know,
  And all my steps direct aright.

May all my prayers acceptance find,
  My ways be all approved by thee;
Engrave thy image on my mind,
  And then let heaven my portion be.

RELIANCE.

Christian, never, never weary,
Lay not in the dust thy crown,
Though thy course at times seems dreary,
Yet thy ways to God are known;
And he loves thee,
See his love on Calvary shown.

God himself becomes thy Saviour,
In his faithful word confide;
Trust thou in his grace forever,
'T was for thee he bled and died;
Thou art graven
On his heart, and hands, and side.

Cast thy burdens all on Jesus,
He will all thy sorrows bear;
Mighty is his love and precious,
And the needy are his care;
And his goodness
Thou shalt every moment share.

Fear not thou the waves of ocean,
Lo! thy Saviour walks the sea;
'Midst the tempest's dire commotion,
See his hand reach'd out to thee;
And above thee
Mercy's shadowing wing shall be.

Suffer not thy heart to tremble
  At the gathering foes around;
Though thine enemies assemble
  From the depths of night profound;
    Still beside thee
Is thy guardian angel found.

Thou hast unexhausted treasure,
  Gems which spheres and suns outshine,
Infinitely vast in measure,
  Bliss eternal and divine;
    Cheer up Christian,
Heaven and all its joys are thine.

THE LORD OUR DEFENCE.

Jesus, my kind protector, thou
Thy strong defence around me throw;
Then firm shall I on thee, my Rock,
Endure time's last, destructive shock.

Strengthless and frail as prostrate dust,
Into thy hands I all intrust;
And 'midst the threatning clouds that roll,
Claim thee as guardian to my soul.

Leave me not in the gulph of sin,
To foes without, or dread within;
Bid me through all life's storms look up,
With steady, constant, cheerful hope.

Calmly at all times to abide,
Whate'er of bliss or ills betide;
Fix'd on thy truth unmoved to stay,
Though time and all its scenes decay.

Jesus, 't is only when by thee,
My soul doth fairer prospects see,
'T is by thy friendly side alone,
Through life's dark vale I view thy throne.

Assure me, Lord, shall heaven be mine,
The crowns and glittering robes that shine;
Shall I, beyond the waste of time,
Share the full grandeur of that clime?

With all thy saints and seraphs stand,
Enrobed in light at thy right hand;
To pluck those fair, unfading flowers,
Amidst heaven's sweet perennial bowers.

I see the splendid pathway rise,
Illumed with glory from the skies;
Far from this dreary, dark abode,
Winding its upward course to God.

There shall my cheerful footsteps tread,
Unawed by fear, unreach'd by dread;
Till those far brighter worlds I gain,
Where pure, unmingled pleasures reign.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

O God, in goodness deign to hear,
Thy servant's humble, fervent prayer;
From earth's remotest bounds I cry,
To thee, the Holy and Most High.

'Midst evils when o'erwhelm'd I be,
Direct my wayward steps to thee;
Lead me the Rock of Ages nigh,
Whose dwelling place is in the sky.

To me thou hast a shelter been,
From fierce and threat'ning foes a screen;
My tower of strength, my refuge thou,
My safe-guard from the hostile foe.

Still near thyself may I reside,
And in thy holy courts abide;
Keep me beneath thy shadowing wings,
Thou Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Near to thy altar when I bow,
Most graciously regard my vow;
Give me an heritage to claim,
With those that fear and love thy name.

Preserved by truth and mercy still,
Aid me to do thy holy will;
Accept each daily sacrifice,
Till thou remove me to the skies.

FOR PEACE AND LOVE.

JESUS, Lord, of friends the best,
Give our waiting spirits rest;
Thou the gracious, good, and kind,
Calm the tumult of the mind.

Bid the tireless ocean rest,
Let the wearied soul be blest;
Guilt and sin at once remove,
Then bestow the gift of love.

We thy gracious goodness claim,
Ask we do in Jesus' name;
Bound we are with one accord,
Waiting for thy blessing, Lord.

Now thy heavenly grace impart,
Sanctify and cleanse each heart;
Full supplies of love be given,
Make our earth resemble heaven.

TRUST IN GOD.

SERVANT of God, why be dismay'd,
When threatening ills thy course invade?
And why thy harp (most sweetly strung,)
So oft upon the willows hung?
God, who alone did'st all things make,
Will never, never, thee forsake.

Fear not life's foaming main to ride,
With Him, who doth o'er all preside,
He will the waves tumultuous calm,
The tempest-beaten floods disarm;
Thou only on his strength rely,
Then all life's angry storms defy.

Thou hast no cause to be afraid,
Who, with omnipotence array'd,
Divides the sea, and at thy will
Can bid the sun and moon stand still,
Rocks into crystal streams exchange,
Or in the heated furnace range.

Example take from saints of old,
Whose virtues shone like burnish'd gold,
Who through much suffering fearless stood,
The holy, patient, sons of God;
With them, obtain like precious faith,
Then live their life, and die their death.

All promises to thee are given,
With life, and time, and crowns in heaven,
For all are thine, and thou alone
Art Christ's, and Christ and God are one;
Redeem'd thou art, through Jesus' blood,
A chosen heir, a child of God.

Thousands may fall thy feet beneath,
By war, and famine, plague, and death,

Thou may'st the dreadful conflict see,
But nothing shall endanger thee;
To angels, God himself conveys
A charge to keep in all thy ways.

Thou shalt upon the lion tread,
And crush the dragon's frightful head;
All terror from thy path shall flee,
And the Most High shall dwell with thee,
Thou underneath his wings shalt hide,
Preserved secure on every side.

Then place entire thy warmest love
On Him, who fills the realms above;
Call when in trouble, He will hear,
And fully answer all thy prayer;
Honour, and life, thy bliss shall be,
And thou shalt his salvation see.

TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Christian, why art thou fearful?
Thy Lord 's the "Lord of all;"
He bids thy heart be cheerful,
And on his name to call;
Protect thee he will ever,
Who hears the softest sigh,
Forsake thee, he will never,
Who rules the earth and sky.

Though tempted oft and weary,
  With crosses full thy share;
And hard thy way and dreary,
  Thou hast no cause to fear;
The Lord himself shall guard thee,
  Who rides the heavens upon;
And soon he will reward thee,
  When all thy work is done.

Christian, why art thou careful?
  God will for thee provide;
Only do thou be pray'rful,
  Thy wants shall be supplied:
Seek first the Holy Spirit,
  From all thy sins be freed;
And then thou shalt inherit
  Whatever else thou need.

The Lord who goes before thee,
  And keeps thee every hour;
The heavens declare his glory,
  And earth and skies his power;
He rules the stormy ocean,
  And bids the tempests bring,
Through winter's dire commotion,
  A sweet and balmy spring.

From clouds with showers bending,
  The rippling streams are fill'd,
And landscapes, far extending,
  A thousand beauties yield;

The sunbeams all illuming
  Each mountain's towering height,
And vales luxuriant blooming,
  Spread every where delight.

The flocks and herds he feeds them,
  The sparrows are his care,
To fertile meads he leads them,
  And gives to each a share.
He clothes the flowers that spin not,
  Which deck the plains beneath;
And thee, forsake he will not,
  O thou of little faith.

Than lilies, thou art greater,
  Or birds, that wing the air;
Image of thy Creator,
  The Saviour's special care;
Th' eternal powers defend thee,
  Thy hairs are number'd all,
Minist'ring hosts attend thee,
  And hearken to thy call.

God is thy place of hiding,
  A covert from the storm;
While in his grace confiding,
  Thou can'st not suffer harm;
It is thy Father's pleasure
  His kingdom to bestow,
And in abundant measure,
  His goodness thou shalt know.

The Lord thy Shepherd feeds thee,
  What more can'st thou desire?
Beside the streams he leads thee,
  Where all his flocks retire.
He has prepared thy table
  Thy bitterest foes among;
And he alone is able
  Those blessings to prolong.

Thy head he has anointed,
  Thy cup it runneth o'er;
For thee he has appointed
  A vast, exhaustless store.
Goodness and mercy never
  Shall leave thee all thy days,
And in God's house forever
  Thou shalt adore his ways.

Then, Christian, why be fearful?
  To sighing why incline?
Lift up thy head, be cheerful,
  Whatever is, is thine;
This universe before thee,
  The heaven of heavens too,
The Lord, his courts, and glory,
  And all these can bestow.

ADDRESS TO THE CHRISTIAN.

WEEP not, Christian! though oppression
O'er these wretched lands abound;
Wrongs, with uncontroll'd aggression,
Spread their baneful influence round.
Still forbear impassion'd feeling,
Wipe the trembling tear away;
God for thee is now revealing
Worlds of pure immortal day.

Sigh not, Christian! though thy crosses
Far exceed what others bear,
Heaven will reimburse thy losses,
All thy injuries repair;
Beauteous robes will soon be tender'd
For the anguish here sustain'd;
More than double will be render'd,
More than paradise regain'd.

Fear not, Christian! war's fierce minions,
Grasp more firm thy sword and shield;
Dauntless hear the hostile clarions,
Challenge to the battle field,
Led by virtue's nobler interest,
Bolder than a lion stand;
God will mark thy way to conquest,
With a strong and mighty hand.

Fear not, Christian! life's rough ocean,
  Though its waves infuriate be;
Raging seas, in wild commotion,
  Will not, cannot, injure thee;
Thou shalt brave the howling tempest,
  Fearless ride the foaming main,
By omnipotence encompass'd,
  Heaven's safe promontory gain.

There's perpetual calm, and glory,
  Past the surging billows' roar;
Bliss unfading lies before thee,
  Where the wintry storms are o'er;
Far surpassing expectation,
  Bloom the regions of the blest,
There, the grieved find consolation,
  And the wearied souls a rest.

Sigh not, Christian! thou hast treasure
  Richly stored in realms sublime;
Pure, serene, ethereal pleasure,
  In a more salubrious clime;
Happier scenes than these shall greet thee,
  And thy weeping shall be o'er,
Kindred spirits soon shall meet thee,
  Where the landscapes fade no more.

Sigh not, Christian! full enjoyment
  Shall thy endless portion be;
Sweetest praise, thy loved employment,
  Chaunted through eternity.

Where thy body and thy spirit
  Shall immortal life display;
And those blissful scenes inherit,
  Radiant with eternal day.

Here we know not what we shall be,
  But when Jesus shall appear,
Clothed with all his dazzling glory,
  Then we shall his image bear.
Hallelujah to our Saviour,
  He hath brought our souls to God;
Glory be to him forever,
  Who hath wash'd us with his blood.

O ye cherub millions, aid us,
  Tune your soft ethereal lyres;
Praise him who redeem'd and made us,
  All ye high angelic choirs.
Hallelujah to our Saviour,
  Who hath wash'd us with his blood,
Glory be to him forever,
  Who hath brought our souls to God.

TRUST IN GOD.

Jesus, my Lord, thou art alone
The rock my feet rest firm upon,
The guardian of my soul;
And while thy kindness shall endure,
My peace shall be preserved secure,
Beyond the world's control.

What though I live my foes among,
Of spirits fierce, malign, and strong,
The righteous to devour;
Thy grace can keep me calm within,
From tumult free, from wrath and sin,
Throughout the trying hour.

Give me a heart disposed to peace,
To suffer long for righteousness,
Patient, devout, and kind.
Make me thine own adopted child,
Full of thyself, in temper mild,
And perfectly resign'd.

Guide me life's various evils through,
And help me all thy will to do,
While time and breath are given;
No more in folly's paths to stray,
Show me the happy, holy way,
Leading me up to heaven.

There, in that peaceful, loved retreat,
To worship at my Saviour's feet;
Or, o'er the ambrosial plains,
With angels and the blood-wash'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
In holy, heavenly strains.

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

There is a better country far,
Which yields a sweet ambrosial air,
The splendid skies beyond;
Where crystal streams meandering glide,
And hills and vales stretch side by side,
And rills to rills respond.

No ills, vexatious, there intrude,
No evils mingle with the good,
No clouds obscure the day;
Free from the cold autumnal blast,
The fruitful seasons ever last,
Impervious to decay.

Not Eden in its earliest bloom,
Did e'er such loveliness assume,
More innocent or pure;

Unmingled glory there appears,
Undimm'd by lapse of fleeting years,
Forever to endure.

No sighing bosom there shall heave,
No heart with bitter anguish grieve,
To sin, no place is given;
There reigns an unmolested calm,
And every new unfolding charm,
Heightens the bliss of heaven.

I love to contemplate that time,
When holy men of every clime,
Shall there possess a bower;
Where every kindred soul shall find
A place congenial to his mind,
And separate no more.

On that Eternal Source of light,
Millions enraptured with delight,
In ecstasy shall gaze;
O'erwhelm'd with glorious light intense,
The grandeur and the excellence,
The love of God displays.

Happy shall be their lot indeed,
Who, with their great triumphant Head,
Strike their immortal lyres;
To hymn redemption's richest chord,
O'er all the elysian fields abroad,
With the angelic choirs.

O that my soul at last may stand
On the fair borders of that land,
With those to me most dear;
A spirit glorified become,
And in that peaceful, welcome home,
Eternal glories share!

ON TIME.

Time, with unwearied pace, steals on,
Years succeeding years, have flown
With life's vast store;
As winds that glance the mountain's brow,
Or streams, which to the ocean flow,
Return no more.

Millions of sires and sons unknown,
Whole nations have gone, mould'ring down
The dust beneath;
Kings, kingdoms, thrones, and empires, too,
Tribes after tribes, no traces show
They once had breath!

The foliaged hills in dappled green,
The fruitful farms and landscapes seen
With meads and groves;
The village with its cheerful throng,
The flowery vales and streams among,
Time all removes.

Untiring nature strives to bring
The life-restoring balm of spring,
And thus repair
Time's ravages; but all in vain!
He drives infuriate on again,
His ruthless share.

Remorseless waste teems far and wide,
Atoms and spheres in the same tide
Together fall;
Destruction, with unsparing force,
Pursues its dire and reckless course,
And levels all.

Systems within their orbits stop,
Comets and suns, extinguish'd, drop
In fearful haste;
Till by Heaven's high and stern decree,
Insatiate time and death shall be
Forbid to waste.

Time, o'er wreck'd worlds that once revolved,
And ruin'd orbs and spheres dissolved,
Exhausted flies;
Death follows with resistless tide,
And time and death fall side by side,
No more to rise.

The soul alone the shock sustains,
And, 'midst crush'd elements, remains
A gem divine!

God's image! which doth firm endure,
Untouch'd, unsullied, and secure
With Him to shine.

Those mouldering spoils shall also rise,—
A new and beauteous earth and skies;
Free from decay;
An Eden of unmingled bliss,
Of pure delight and perfect peace,
And endless day.

No death shall penetrate that clime,
No evils from corroding time,
From sin no spoil;
But splendid skies, and flowery hills,
And landscapes interspersed with rills,
Shall gladly smile.

How changed the scene! what forms! how fair!
What grandeur and what pleasures there!
Those regions o'er!
Where all those countless hosts appear,
From every planet, orb, and sphere,
To part no more.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacön-light hangs out for thee.

CHORUS.

Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in those worlds of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Thy God is ever kind and gracious,
He will direct thy course above,
For thou art in his sight most precious,
The object of his special love.
Arise, &c.

Though in the proud, dark waves of ocean,
O'erwhelm'd thou need not, shall not be;
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,
Thy God will still remember thee.
Arise, &c.

Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those seas emerges
The height that bounds the promised land.
Arise, &c.

Christian, behold the land is nearing,
  Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
  See, in what throngs they range the shore!
    Arise, &c.

Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,
  Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;
The starry crowns, and realms of glory,
  Invite thy happy soul away.

    Away, away, leave all for glory,
      Thy name is graven on the throne,
    Thy home is in those worlds before thee,
      Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Second Chorus, adapted to Auber's Barcarole.

Arise, arise, leave all below,
    To glory move,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
  Thy home is in the courts above,
And thy Redeemer reigns alone,
    The God of love.

THE CONSOLATION.

CHRISTIAN! wipe that weeping eye,
Cease to heave that mournful sigh;
Christ for thee did bleed and die
On Mount Calvary;
Far above the trackless air,
In that peaceful kingdom, where
Captives shall be free.

Wipe away that flowing tear,
Banish all thy needless fear,—
God regards the feeblest prayer,
Trembling as 't is given
Come with all thy woes oppress'd,
Bring the sigh that heaves thy breast,
Strive for that immortal rest,
Eternally in heaven.

If the lilies claim His care,
And the birds that wing the air,
We shall more supremely share
God's exhaustless store;
He whose infinite display
Chased primeval Night away,
Will unfold a glorious day,
Beaming evermore.

Now the Saviour doth attend,
While around his throne we bend;
Feel ye not his power descend,
Kindling like a fire?
Wintry gloom remote is driven,
Love, the prelude sweet of heaven,
In delightful streams is given,
Mortals to inspire.

Love divine! what boundless store!
Can celestial life be more,
Where angelic hosts adore?
Only more mature!
Far beyond the starry sky,
O 't is love which shall supply,
All those heavenly worlds with joy,
Ever to endure.

Bound we are those realms to gain,
Life immortal to obtain,
Walk we shall the golden plain,
There to sigh no more;
Fill'd with praise, a social band,
Here we pledge both heart and hand,
On the heights of heaven to stand,
Jesus to adore.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL! lovely Sabbath, day of rest,
Hallowed by the Lord, and blest;
The sweetest day of all the seven,
Type of a glorious rest in heaven.

The morning wakes, and thousand tongues
Unite their offerings and their songs;
While round thy throne they all repair,
To pay their adorations there.

"This is the day the Lord hath made,"
In it, let every soul be glad;
Zion shall tune her harps, and say,
How glorious is the Sabbath day!

Children and sires, a noble band,
Within God's tabernacle stand;
And with melodious rapture say,
How happy is the Sabbath day!

This day shall numerous millions rise,
Whose joyful strains shall mount the skies
Where the blest nations find repose,
And Sabbaths dawn no more to close.

Lord of the Sabbath, gently pour
A gracious and refreshing shower;
Then bear our peaceful souls away,
Where shines an endless Sabbath day.

HEAVEN.

Saviour, if in this vale of tears,
  We faithful prove to thee;
Beyond the flight of wasting years,
  Thy kingdom we shall see.
There with the nations saved on high,
  Through the Redeemer's blood,
The brightest orbs we shall outvie,
  Clad in the light of God.

Our bodies, glorious as thine own,
  From death and sin secure,
Shall, 'midst the radiance of thy throne,
  Eternally endure.
The soul and body, now become
  Inseparably one,
Shall in those deathless regions bloom,
  While endless circles run.

There from those tow'ring heights shall we
  Survey creation o'er,
And every operation see
  Of God's eternal power;
The mighty depth of Jesus' love,
  More fully comprehend;
View its amazing height above,
  Its object and its end.

Heaven shall each faculty expand,
  Refine each grovelling sense;
More perfectly to understand
  The ways of Providence.
There, we shall cordially approve
  That infinite display
Of wisdom, holiness, and love,
  That mark'd the Almighty's way.

Then to earth's transient scenes of bliss,
  We freely bid adieu,
And look through Jesus' righteousness,
  To happier worlds in view.
With angels and the promised Seed,
  We hope ere long to share
Refulgent crowns upon our head,
  And palms victorious bear.

With those once bathed in Jesus' blood,
  Robed in peculiar grace,
We shall, beyond time's rolling flood,
  See Jesus face to face.
With spirits once to us so dear,
  Our partners and our friends,
Immortal honours we shall share,
  Where pleasure never ends.

How full the beaming, heavenly joy,
  These blissful scenes disclose;
And those once in the Lord's employ,
  Here find a sweet repose.

O when from every danger free,
And all my sins forgiven,
Shall I with all thy people be
Assign'd a place in heaven?

ON THE UNIVERSAL SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Jesus, our Lord, thou Prince of Peace,
The everlasting Father thou;
Thy gracious government increase,
Till every knee submissive bow;
Earth's widely-scatter'd millions bless,
Fill all her bounds with righteousness.

As the full rushing mountain stream
Flows on and spreads with swelling tide—
As the meridian golden beam,
Illumes the globe from side to side—
So let thy pure transcendent love,
All souls inspire, all nations move.

Give our whole race a Jubilee,
Loud may the joyful trumpet sound;
Bid every captive soul go free,
Let unmolested peace abound;
All murmuring want and care exclude
With pure and universal good.

Open a high and holy way—
  Bid Zion from her mountains sing;
The victories of the cross display,
  From far thy ransom'd people bring!
Let sires and sons exalt their voice,
Till all earth's empire shall rejoice.

The harvest of the world bring near,
  Say to the Gentile nations, "Come;"
Let Israel's scatter'd sons appear,
  O! call thy banish'd people home;
'Stablish thy church from pole to pole,
One vast and universal whole.

Go with our missionaries, Lord,
  Invest them with the light of heaven;
Through them may thy pure gospel word
  To every human soul be given;
So shall they all on earth that move,
Rejoice in thy redeeming love.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Go, ye ministers of Jesus,
  Good tidings to the Indians bear,
Point them to the Lamb most precious,
  Bid them round the cross repair;
    Where effulgent
  Beams of heavenly light appear.

Go, the rocky mountains over;
Oregon's dense shades explore;
All those numerous tribes recover,
Bounding the Pacific's shore;
Preach the Saviour,
And his full redeeming power.

Guide them to that bleeding fountain,
Open'd by the Lamb of God,
Bring them to that holy mountain,
Where the cross of Jesus stood;
Bid them freely
Bathe in the atoning blood.

Tell them the mysterious story
Of the Saviour's dying love;
And the pure transcendent glory
Form'd for them in climes above,
Where poor Indians
Shall in heaven's vast circles move.

Go, ye ministers of Jesus,
Cultivate the deserts wild,
Bear with you the seed most precious,
Heaven shall recompense your toils:
See before you
How the golden harvest smiles!

Fully cast yourselves on Jesus,
Who will all your burdens bear;
He will make your way propitious,
Ye are objects of his care;
He will bring you
Heaven's triumphant bliss to share.

HOME OF THE CHRISTIAN.

On the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,
And view in perspective the fair promised land;
The land where the ransom'd with singing shall come,
And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

There rivers most graceful eternally glide;
And groves rich with verdure, grow up by their side;
There spirits made perfect, forever become
Immortal and beauteous, in glory their home.

'T is there all the nations redeem'd by the Lamb,
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim.
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils, they come,
To enter those mansions prepared as their home.

All over those peaceful delectable plains,
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns:
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

How happy those beautiful realms of repose,
Where, graceful with fruit, the "tree of life" grows;
The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom;
God's endless abode, and the Christian's home.

Those pleasures of glory, O when shall I share!
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;
Those landscapes to range, undisturb'd by a sigh,
The home of our fathers, God's palace on high.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Saw ye the summer's evening charm?
  Of life the emblematic close;
How sweet and undisturb'd the calm,
  When nature sunk into repose.

Saw ye the splendid orb of day,
  With rich empyreal glory crown'd?
How pure and cloudless was his ray,
  Shedding effulgent lustre round.

Saw ye the beauteous azure sky,
  Adorn'd with beams of heavenly light;
When all the gilded arch on high,
  Display'd a scene supremely bright?

And saw ye, when this grandeur fled,
  As night's dark shadows gather'd round?
But a new morning dawn'd and spread,
  And brighter glories did abound!

Thus sinks the Christian to his rest,
  Where peace to every soul is given;
The evening of his life is blest,
  And life immortal shines from heaven.

The chamber where he meets his fate
  Glows with a radiance from the sky;
And Israel's chariots round him wait,
  A transport to the realms on high.

And there shall heavenly visions break
In glorious rapture on his soul;
And life eternal shall awake,
Where everlasting pleasures roll.

THE RESURRECTION.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead!
And death and hell are captive led,"
The angels do proclaim;
And soon shall slumbering millions rise,
And sing in triumph through the skies,
The victories of the Lamb.

Our Lord is risen from the tomb,
Pledge of the future "harvest home,"
First fruits of them that slept;
The grave where terrors did abound,
A peaceful resting-place is found,
For all the wearied kept.

"The Lord is risen," in transport see,
The hope of immortality,
And life and glory given;
Mortals, come view the vast display,
The portals of eternal day
Are open'd wide in heaven.

Now is Christ risen to intercede,
The merits of his blood to plead,
Above the vaulted skies;
Come, brethren, let us all repair
To Olivet, and view him there,
On clouds of glory rise.

"The Lord is risen," and boundless love,
In streams immortal from above,
With mighty grandeur flow;
And God the nations doth inspire,
Extending far the hallow'd fire,
Through all this world below.

"The Lord is risen," and now behold,
The judgment day, so long foretold,
Tremendous scene of power;
The great archangel soon shall stand,
His feet upon the sea and land,
And swear that time's no more.

The Lord shall then with glory come,
To wake the nations from the tomb,
Their destiny to hear;
The saints in triumph rise to heaven,
And unbelievers all be driven
To regions of despair.

Jesus, thy Holy Spirit give,
And teach thy servant how to live,
And love my God alone;

Bring me, and all my children dear,
Eternal happiness to share,
With millions round the throne.

RESURRECTION.

SECOND PART.

Now is Christ risen from the dead,
The angel hosts proclaim;
And ransom'd millions soon shall spread
The risen Saviour's name.

"Our Lord is risen" from the tomb,
First fruits of them that slept;
Pledge of the future harvest home,
A calm for those that wept.

"The Lord is risen," come, saints, and see
The glorious record given;
Bright hope of immortality,
And proof supreme of heaven.

Now is Christ risen to intercede
For all the human race;
The merits of his blood to plead,
The fulness of his grace.

"The Lord is risen," and streams of love
In rich profusion pour;
And bliss descending from above,
Shall flow forevermore.

Our risen Lord an earnest gives,
Substance of things to come;
And saints do know that Jesus lives,
And glory is their home.

Jesus is risen, and soon shall all
Reposing myriads rise;
When all shall hear the archangel's call,
To assemble in the skies.

The resurrection doth presage
The day of judgment near;
When men of every clime and age,
Their destiny shall hear.

DEVOTION.

Thou great Eternal, pure and good,
The heaven of heavens is thine abode;
To thee alone be praises given,
By all the choral hosts of heaven.

Thee on our knees we come to meet
Before the glorious mercy seat;
In tender love regard our prayer,
And condescend to meet us here.

Thou, whom I love and hope to see,
Shed thy full beams of light on me;
Merge me in that most precious flood,
Which purifies the soul for God.

With all thy fulness make me blest,
Wholly evangelize my breast;
The source of all my pleasures be,
In time and in eternity.

QUICKEN ME, O LORD, &c.

Jesus, how wonderful thy name,
  How excellent indeed thy love!
O may its power my soul inflame,
  And every latent passion move.

However varied be its course,
  A spring, a flowing stream, or sea;
If Israel's fountain be its source,
  It comes in welcome form to me.

I love those meltings of its power,
  Those mellow'd feelings of the soul;
The full, and overwhelming shower,
  Which all my thoughts and words control.

I love to feel my feeble prayers
  Changed to unutterable praise;
The overflow of grateful tears,
  While bending at the throne of grace.

I love the perfect love of God,
  The soul becalm'd, the passions still'd;
I love its influence shed abroad,
  Till all is with its glory fill'd.

When heart, and flesh, and nature fail,
  O may its charms refresh my soul!
If love's clear sunbeams then prevail,
  In vain shall death's dark shadows roll.

Jesus, thy love on me bestow,
  'T is all I ask, 't is all my plea,
According to thy kindness, show
  The greatness of thy love to me.

ON THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

SPREAD on the lap of earth, I see
  The lengthen'd evening shadows lie;
And each reveals this truth to me,
  The close of life approaches nigh.

This earthly house of brittle clay,
  A shrivell'd, mould'ring aspect wears;
'T is mark'd with premature decay,
  The fretted waste of passing years.

The "ills to which all flesh is heir,"
  Sickness, and sore, distracting pain;
Those noble, heaven-wrought frames impair,
  Till dust return to dust again.

Beat by the fierce relentless storms,
  Worn by the "insatiate tooth of time,"
Those fearfully erected forms,
  Fall victims to a withering clime.

Blighted by languishing disease,
  Our days pass tediously away;
And long and sleepless nights, increase
  Time's dull and wearisome delay.

We cling to life, entreat its stay,
  Then "lash the ling'ring moment" on;
We beg the respite of a day,
  Yet, wish the sluggish season gone.

Our aching heads seek rest in vain,
  Our flesh and bones find no repose;
Disease succeeds disease again,
  Till the lone grave our dust enclose.

For climes so rude God ne'er design'd
  Such wond'rously constructed forms;
'T was *man* that foolishly consign'd
  Himself to dwell amidst those storms.

'T was *man* that brought forth sin and death,
  And all the evils in their train;
But 't is the Lord renews our breath,
  And these dry bones shall live again.

Then let this earthly house dissolve,
  And our remains to dust be given;
Our home at last, ('t is God's resolve,)
  Shall be eternally in heaven.

A SOLEMN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

O YE youthful souls, draw near,
  While we now address you;
May those solemn truths we bear,
  Seriously impress you.

Clothed with orders from on high,
  In Christ's stead we meet you,
Lo! he calls you from the sky,
  Therefore we entreat you.

Ye have each a soul, worth more
  Than this whole creation;
Worlds by millions number'd o'er,
  Sink in valuation.
With archangels you must live,
  'Midst heaven's richest treasure;
Or with Dives in hell, receive
  Torments passing measure.

Youth's fair bloom shall soon decay,
  Transient is its glory;
The roses on your cheeks so gay,
  Are but transitory.
Winding-sheets, in sad array,
  Soon shall fold around you;
Worms shall claim you as their prey,
  Mould'ring clods surround you.

Souls rebellious, must descend,
  Bound in chains of anguish;
Plunged in sorrows without end,
  Ever more to languish.
There, 'midst howling, frighted fiends
  Furiously blaspheming,
Darkness, undiminish'd, reigns,
  Void of light's least gleaming.

O, the gospel truth receive,
  Which we now present you;
Come to Jesus Christ and live,
  Let not sin prevent you.
Peace and pardon here obtain,
  Freely as 't is given;
Be through Jesus "born again,"
  Then go up to heaven.

Lord, while now before thy throne,
  Sway thy sceptre o'er us;
Make thy glorious mercies known,
  To thyself restore us.
Moulded by thy hand of power,
  Changed in all our features;
Form and keep us every hour,
  New and happy creatures.

THE MINISTER'S FAREWELL.

The seasons, how swiftly they fly,
  Our moments are gliding away;
We are hastening on to the sky,
  To realms of celestial day.
Dear brethren, our parting is near,
  My time of sojourning is o'er;
To different lands I must steer, —
  Perhaps I shall see you no more.

May Jesus, our Saviour and King,
  Unite us in spirit and heart;
And bring us in glory to sing,
  Where Christians never shall part.
"We are toiling to make the blest shore,"
  To meet the "ship's company" there;
Where tossings and tempests are o'er,
  And all our afflictions and care.

Ye rocks and ye mountains, adieu,
  Over which I so often did rove;
Ye woodlands, while ranging through you,
  My spirit abounded with love.
Adieu, all ye murmuring rills,
  That ripple so gently along;
The echo that ranges the hills,
  And responds to the traveller's song.

Ye friends of my Master, adieu,
  Who cups of cold water have given;
May Jesus, whose promise is true,
  Reward you with blessings from heaven.
O may you the gospel receive,
  Its blessings and happiness prove;
By faith on the promises live,
  The promise of Jesus's love.

Farewell, all ye saints of the Lord,
  Perhaps we shall ne'er meet again;
Till Jesus pronounce the glad word,
  To meet on the heavenly plain.

How often in Jesus's name,
  To worship together we 've gone;
Our souls have been raised to a flame,
  Declaring what Jesus had done.

Dear brethren, I give you my hand,
  To meet you on Canaan's blest shore;
Through grace, I am striving to land
  Where labour and sorrows are o'er.
The land of eternal repose,
  Already is heaving in view;
Where fulness of happiness flows,
  'Midst beauties eternally new.

Though storms of affliction may roar,
  And clouds of temptations arise;
We are bound for that heavenly shore,
  For those mansions reserved in the skies.
'T is there our Redeemer now waits
  To welcome his labourers home,
And angels attend at the gates,
  Inviting our spirits to come.

THE ADVENT.

JESUS the Saviour *comes*,
In Eden first foretold!
Our nature he assumes,
His wonders to unfold;
He comes a captive world to free,
And welcome in the jubilee.

Jesus the Saviour's *nigh*,
The eastern sages tell;
His star illumes the sky,
He comes on earth to dwell;
The infant Lord with joy they greet,
And lay their treasure at his feet.

Jesus the Saviour's *born*,
The herald angels sing,
And shout the auspicious morn,
And joyful tidings bring;
Good will and peace, the gift of heaven,
To all the sons of men are given.

Jesus the Saviour's *come*,
The watchful Shepherds say;
Let all prepare him room,
And hail the welcome day;
King David's Son, the Church's Head,
Appears in Bethlehem's humble shed.

Jesus the Saviour 's *here*,
His marvellous works declare;
Behold what joys appear
For all mankind to share!
His mercies are on all bestow'd,
That all the world might come to God

Jesus, the Saviour, hail!
He comes to set us free;
His promise cannot fail,
We shall his goodness see;
Pris'ners of earth, we soon shall rise,
To life immortal in the skies.

Jesus, we love his name,
We love his nature too;
We love his grace to claim,
And give him praises due;
To him, by all in earth or heaven,
Be glory in the highest given.

Jesus, we love his power,
His holiness and word;
His glories we adore,
And claim him as our Lord;
To him we render praise alone,
The Great, the High and Holy One.

Jesus, we love to feel
His full transforming grace;

The influence of his will,
The beauties of his face;
His kingdom and his throne, to see
Their grandeur and immensity.

O that the world might know
The virtues of his name;
And in full triumph, show
The glories of the Lamb;
For Jesus unto all is given,
The Lord of Earth and God of Heaven.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH-DAY.

Come, let us join to sing
The birth-day of our Lord,
And wake each joyful string,
To hail the Incarnate word:
He comes from splendid thrones above,
"The Prince of Peace," the God of Love

Down from the azure sky,
The heavenly choral band,
Shout the Redeemer nigh,
And wait his high command:
Those sweet cherubic minstrels say,
Jesus, the Lord, is born to-day.

The Saviour, long foretold,
The Church's glorious Head,
Let all mankind behold,
In Bethlehem's humble shed,
"A child is born, a son is given,"
To raise a fallen world to heaven.

Glad tidings to the earth,
Celestial heralds bear,
And at Immanuel's birth,
Good will and peace declare:
The world's great Saviour (angels say)
"In David's town, is born this day."

Shepherds, your Lord attend,
The infant Sovereign greet,
With eastern sages bend
At your Redeemer's feet:
Extend the news the globe around,
That Christ in Bethlehem is found.

Lo! the full, heavenly choir,
Attune their chorus high,
And swell the rapturous lyre,
Along the vaulted sky;
To God alone enthroned in heaven
Is glory in the highest given.

Let earth with all her tongues,
In joyful triumph rise,

And send the angels' songs,
Re-echoing to the skies:
Transported sing, with sweet accord,
The glorious birth-day of the Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

WELCOME, "the Lord's anointed,"
"God's well beloved Son;"
"The Prince of peace" appointed,
The high and "Holy One."
From heaven's sublimer ranges,
"The Lord himself" comes down
And for the cross exchanges
The grandeur of his throne.

The seraphs winged from glory,
Their tuneful carols play,
And tell the enrapturing story,
"That Christ is born to-day."
"Good will" and free salvation,
Their cherub songs employ;
And lo! they bring each nation
"Glad tidings of great joy."

Go, shepherds, from your mountains,
And every palmy shade;
From Judah's moss-grown fountains,
And view where Christ is laid.

Behold the illustrious stranger,
  King David's Royal Heir,
An infant in a manger
  At Bethlehem doth appear.

Ye mortals of all ages,
  In holy worship bend,
And with the eastern sages,
  The infant Lord attend:
Present to him your treasure,
  The richest gems of earth,
And with unmingled pleasure,
  Hail your Redeemer's birth.

With heaven's bright hosts impendent,
  Upon th' expansive air!
Let all earth's sons attendant,
  The mighty triumph share.
"Glory" to the anointed,
  The great and Holy One,
To Christ the Lord appointed,
  Who fills th' eternal throne.

GRATITUDE.

My soul shall ever praise
  The great Redeemer's name,
My harp shall wake its earliest lays,
  His honour to proclaim.

My heart and all within,
  With gratitude shall bless
The sacred power that pardons sin,
  And gives true holiness.

Thy plenteous mercy, Lord,
  Shall grateful themes employ,
And most abundantly afford
  A large increase of joy.

O may I ne'er forget
  Thy benefits to me;
But, humbled for my sins, regret
  I e'er offended thee.

May I remember still,
  Thy precious gifts bestow'd;
And constantly adore thy will,
  Full of the love of God.

Religion sweetest is,
  Cheerful and full of love;
My portion while in time be this,
  And my reward above.

FOR A RENEWAL OF BLESSINGS.

Come, my Lord, with thy good spirit,
Cast thy guardian care o'er me,
Let me graciously inherit,
All the mind that was in thee;
And thy goodness
In unblemish'd purity.

Open paradise before me,
O remove the flaming sword,
To thyself again restore me,
Let me wholly love thee, Lord;
Breathe, my Saviour,
Breathe the sanctifying word.

Full I am of sacred anguish,
Separated, Lord, from thee,
In these far-off wilds I languish,
When thy face I cannot see;
Kindest Saviour,
Evermore reside with me.

Slay the power of sin forever,
All thy holiness restore,
Crush the serpent's sting, and never
Let it spread its poison more;
Then thy spirit
In unmeasured fulness pour.

Make me, Lord, as truly holy
As my present form will bear,
Then maintain within me fully,
All thy goodness can prepare;
And most kindly
Give the overflowing share.

Lord, to thee belongs all power,
All perfection flows from thee;
Bring, O bring, the long-wish'd hour,
Cleanse all sinfulness from me.
Give me, Saviour,
Love, in all its purity.

Love, in full and perfect measure,
More than all things I desire;
Glows my heart with boundless pleasure,
When the spirit doth inspire
All within me,
With its pure and kindling fire.

Jesus' love is full of glory,
More than paradise it is,
And were Eden now before me,
Love I would prefer to this;
O how holy!
How transporting is its bliss!

Lord, revive me, bless my spirit,
Give the penticostal flame;

Now apply thy power and merit,
Through the great atoning name;
Grant it freely,
As in ancient times it came.

All thy visitations, Saviour,
Give more frequently to me;
All thy gifts, thy love, and favour,
Let them oft repeated be;
And each moment
Help me to devote to thee.

Lord, in blessing fully bless me,
Multiply my faith and love;
With thy image now impress me,
Every evil thing remove;
And preserve me,
To those brighter worlds above.

Let me, in my daily offerings,
Hold communion sweet with thee,
In my crosses and my sufferings,
Patient and contented be,—
Calmly waiting
Till from earth thou set me free.

MY BLISS AND GLORY.

JESUS, I find abundant favour
  Near thy pierced and bleeding side;
Thee, I claim my only Saviour,
  Who for me hast bled and died;
And in thy unbounded goodness,
  I will evermore confide.

Thou art all my bliss and glory,
  Source of all my peace and love;
I am happy while before thee,
  When I feel thy spirit move;
O set up thy throne within me,
  Never, never, to remove.

What though grievous ills assail me,
  And my feeble flesh complain,
Foes combine, and friends all fail me?
  Yet if Jesus still remain,
With his presence, I am fully
  Recompensed for all my pain.

Jesus, while I bow before thee,
  All my prayers and worship own;
Thou, my hope of future glory,
  Dwell within my heart alone,
And inspire my spirit wholly,
  O thou gracious, Holy One.

Full of blessings, full of favour,
All my various wants regard;
O be thou to me forever
My "exceeding great reward;"
Crown my future days with pleasure,
Glorious and redeeming Lord.

PETITION.

Humbly before thy face we fall,
Thou universal Lord of all;
The King of kings, creation's Source,
Whose power sustains this universe.

Our fallen powers again restore,
That we may love thee more and more,
All evil from our hearts remove,
That nothing may remain but love.

Dispel all sin, and doubt, and fear;
Let the pure heavenly light appear;
The brightness of thy grace convey,
Increasing to the perfect day.

Preserved from all temptations free,
Perfect true holiness in me;
Each passion calm, each motive bless,
Clothe every thought with righteousness.

Though high thy dwelling and thy throne,
And thou thyself the Eternal One,
Yet, through a Mediator, we
Obtain access to heaven and thee.

Mercy unbounded, Lord! is thine,
Unchanged, eternal, and divine,
And mercy issuing from the throne,
Claim a poor fallen world its own.

All things obey thy vast control,
All worlds, all orbs, and spheres that roll;
And lo! in silent reverence, we
In dust and ashes worship thee.

As the infinity of space,
So ample are the bounds of grace;
So full and so entirely free,
That none need bow in vain to thee.

FOR COMMUNION.

O FOR that soul-inspiring love,
Which did the ancient fathers move;
That gracious all-absorbing flame,
Bestow'd through the Redeemer's name.

O for that sin-destroying power,
The heart-refining, heavenly shower;
The gift bestow'd on sinners lost,
The influence of the Holy Ghost.

The trembling awe, the filial fear,
A sense of Jesus' presence near;
Those "first fruits" of eternal bliss,
That "God is mine, and I am his."

Jesus, do thou reside in me,
The true "indwelling Deity;"
My soul to perfect love restore,
And keep me spotless evermore.

Give me the mind that is in thee,
Full of all heavenly purity;
That free, unmeasured grace bestow'd,
The pure, unblemish'd love of God.

O bid the cherubim to spread,
Their shadowing wings around my head;
In me, make all those glories meet,
That once adorn'd the mercy seat.

Bid me ascend the mount to thee,
And there thy passing glory see,
Those heavenly beamings of thy grace;
And hold communion face to face.

From thence O may I ne'er remove,
O'erwhelm'd with glory and with love,
And O thou Good, thou Great, and High,
'Midst the full radiance let me die.

CHRIST AND HIS BENEFITS.

JESUS, the true and heavenly light,
  That lighteth all mankind;
Whose name includes all grace, and might,
  The great Eternal mind.

All things were made by thee alone,
  Th' incarnate Deity;
The heavens, the rolling spheres, thy throne,
  Time and eternity.

Thou dwellest in the purest light,
  Full of immensity;
The first archangels in thy sight,
  Its grandeur cannot see.

And thou who form'd all worlds, became
  Clothed in humanity;
The holy and unspotted Lamb,
  He lived and died for me.

And mortals, through redeeming love
  Jehovah can adore;
To them thy mercies kindly move,
  Thy goodness and thy power.

For all our race, atoning blood
  Was shed, amazing free;
And in a pure and healing flood,
  Flow'd from Mount Calvary.

It brings in boundless grace to all
  The pardoning love of God;
And from the ruins of the fall,
  It changes our abode.

From guilt and condemnation now
  Our souls are justified;
And peace, with all its bliss, we know,
  Through Jesus crucified.

And Jesus' love, our joy and boast,
  The richest charm of heaven,
Is freely by the holy Ghost
  To all believers given.

'Tis love divine that purifies
  Our souls from every sin;
From all defilement sanctifies,
  And perfects all within.

Saviour, it is thy beaming light
  Illumes the heavenly way;
Increasing still in radiance bright,
  More to the perfect day.

Our peace abounds, our joys improve,
  Our pleasures onward flow;
And we, inspired by heavenly love,
  In grace and knowledge grow.

Our souls enlarge, the mind expands,
  Our hearts become more pure;
And all revolving nature stands
  More gloriously mature.

More and more fully do we love,
  The love of Deity;
As issuing from the courts above,
  In all its purity.

And all who feel the love of God,
  Who Jesus' followers are;
Whate'er their calling or abode,
  Shall our affections share.

And men of every age and name,
  The evil and the good;
As kindred flesh and blood we claim,
  Through the Redeemer's blood.

In all their varied bleeding woes,
  For each indulge a care;
As joys or ills may interpose,
  Kindly those burdens bear.

As sons of peace, the loved of heaven,
  With goodness unconfined;
To every grace and virtue given,
  To God and all mankind.

Increase, O Lord, the purer light,
  Thy love to comprehend;
To know the length, and breadth, and height,
  Thy mercies do extend.

Most faithfully thy gifts improve,
  Waiting our change to come;
When thou shalt from thy courts above,
  Call the redeemed home.

PARAPHRASE: 15th PSALM.

Who, Lord, shall in thy courts abide,
  There to behold thy face?
Or, in thy holy hill reside,
  That pure and happy place?

He that uprightly walks and lives,
  And worketh righteousness;
And in a faithful heart conceives
  The truth his lips express.

Who doth not backbite with his tongue,
  Nor evils seek to find;
Nor taketh a reproach to wrong,
  Or hurt, his neighbour's mind.

All wickedness his soul disdains,
  In actions, thought, and word;
But those his best regard obtains,
  Who fear, and love the Lord.

Whate'er he promises, his word
  Unchangeable shall be;
Howe'er the means it may afford
  To cause his injury.

His wealth he never does regard
  With usurous intent;
Nor will he take the least reward
  Against the innocent.

He, that in these things shall abound,
  He never shall be moved;
But in the heavens he shall be crown'd,
  By God himself approved.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO CHRISTIANS.

CHRISTIAN, in all thy strength arise,
  Thy helmet, sword, and shield gird on;
Scenes of bright glory in the skies,
  Await thee when thy work is done.

Stand in thy might, the foe is thine,
  All enemies to thee must yield;
In vain do earth and hell combine,
  Thy God is in the battle-field.

He will for thee all means provide,
  And all his promises fulfil;
The rivers and the seas divide,
  And bid the sun and moon stand still.

Thousands of trembling foes shall flee,
  And myriads fall at thy right hand;
The dreadful conflict thou shalt see,
  But safe amidst the carnage stand.

God hath forbid the Amorite
  Within thy borders to remain;
To thee belongs the promised right,
  And thou shalt easy conquest gain.

Slay then the giant man of sin,
  And all that in thy bounds annoy;
Thrust out the foe that lurks within,
  And every evil thing destroy.

Live thou from all oppression free,
  In perfect peace, and sin no more;
And God himself shall dwell with thee
  And thou shalt all his ways adore.

Near thee shall Israel's fountain lie,
  And angels' food to thee be given;
The Lord shall all thy wants supply,
  From his exhaustless store in heaven.

The pillar and the cloud of day,
  Shall screen thee when by heat opprest;
And evening's glowing flame display
  A soothing light, and sign of rest.

God will thy faithful offerings meet,
  And all his glories shed o'er thee;
And in thy heart, his mercy-seat,
  Thy Urim and thy Thummim be.

Far more than all the promised land,
  Or Eden's lovely bowers, are thine;
Thy feet ere long shall firmly stand
  Where everlasting splendours shine.

Christian, lift up thy head, behold!
  What mansions are prepared above,
What bliss, what robes, what crowns of gold;
  What minstrels, in those worlds of love!

Yet 'midst time's rude and reckless spoil,
  Stay thou awhile, the cross to bear;
Heaven will, ere long, reward thy toil,
  And thou shalt all its grandeurs share.

Where death eternally is done,
  All swallow'd up in victory;
Where the pure mind new life puts on,
  "And mortal immortality."

DESIRING MORE GRACE.

Jesus, my heart, its full desire,
  And every thought to thee incline;
My powers, and passions, all inspire,
  And claim me as a child of thine.

Cleanse me from every evil free,
  Sin's least remains far off remove;
Thy image, Lord, restore to me,
  Of holiness and perfect love.

Cheerful I would the cross sustain,
  Supported by redeeming grace;
That with thy church I may obtain
  Admission to thy dwelling place.

Let thy abiding grace be given,
  And with me every moment stay;
Shed on the path that leads to heaven,
  The brightness of eternal day.

Call me into the mountain height,
  To be transfigured with my Lord;
Thence to behold those worlds of light,
  Where saints receive their great reward

The triumphs and the bliss to share
  With millions singing hymns of love;
And crowns of heavenly glory wear
  In the eternal realms above.

"THY YEARS SHALL NOT FAIL."

O THOU who left thy dazzling throne,
  In flesh to be display'd;
The great Eternal God alone,
  By whom all things were made.

The outspread firmament, so bright,
  Full of immensity;
The evening shade, the morning light,
  Were each ordain'd by thee.

The heavens and all that in them be,
  The atom, and the sphere;
Obedient to thy high decree,
  From nothing did appear.

Earth, and its strong foundations, rose—
  The dry land and the sea;
From chaos, slumbering in repose,
  Moved and sustain'd by thee.

And all that breathes, of every form,
  Each living, moving thing,
Mankind, the beasts, and creeping worm,
  And fowls upon the wing.

Yet these shall change, and each wax old,
  The spheres, and all their store,
Like as a vesture thou shalt fold,
  And they shall be no more.

But thou remainest still the same,
  Thy years shall never fail;
Unchanged thy everlasting name
  O'er all things shall prevail.

And saints shall ever worship thee
  With sweetest hymns of love;
O'erwhelm'd with all the ecstasy
  Which fills the courts above.

In regions of perpetual bloom,
  From every evil free;
Where every object shall assume
  Pure immortality.

REFLECTION AND PRAYER.

Jesus, be thou my Saviour still,
  Guide me while in this vale of tears;
Inspire my heart to do thy will,
  And bless my few declining years.

I mourn not o'er the times gone by,
  Those seasons now forever past;
The toils once borne create no sigh,
  And scarcely in the memory last.

Feeble and few my wasting days,
  And God demands what first he gave;
Yet Jesus' dying love displays
  A brightening halo round the grave.

Time's varied scenes are nearly done,
  My moments hasten to a close
Life's trembling sands are almost run,
  My wearied flesh desires repose.

I gaze upon the opening tomb,
  Where Christ and all his servants lie;
My body claims the dust its home,
  My spirit struggles for the sky.

HOW TO DIE.

Jesus, direct me how to live,
  And teach me how to die in thee;
O'er sin a perfect conquest give,
  And o'er the tomb full victory.

Let me, like Simeon, full of peace,
  Embrace the Saviour of mankind;
And when life's wearied efforts cease,
  Sweetly release the captive mind.

Say as thou once did on the tree,
  While hanging 'midst the earth and skies;
"This day, thy soul shall surely be
  At rest with me in paradise."

O, let me die, my Lord, with thee,
  Thou who my breath and all things gave;
Grant me a final victory
  O'er all the terrors of the grave.

Far from my soul all fear remove,
  Chase every gloomy cloud away;
And in the chariot of thy love
  Convey me to the worlds of day.

IF THOU SPEAKEST, THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.

Thou source of light, of power, and love,
  Creator of the universe;
All darkness from the world remove,
  And every cloud of sin disperse.

As ancient chaos heard its Lord,
  And vanish'd to return no more;
O speak again that powerful word,
  And light and order both restore.

Say to the sons of earth, "be pure,"
  Through the atoning Saviour given;
All sin destroy, each grace mature,
  And give the mould and seal of heaven.

Unite thy people into one,
  Break down each separating wall;
In earth and sky be thou alone,
  Adored and worshipped by all.

The strong man bind in chains of night,
  His empire totally destroy;
Shed new and brighter beams of light,
  And pure uninterrupted joy.

O'erspread the earth with truth and grace,
  Like streams which from the mountain glide;
May Jesus' love fill every place,
  With full and universal tide.

Head of the Church, all power is thine,
  If thou but speak there shall be light;
In pure unclouded fulness shine,
  And fill thy people with delight.

All praise to God who dwells on high,
  By every thing that breathes be given;
By all encircling earth and sky,
  And all the numerous hosts of heaven.

THE RESTORATION.

O Lord, thy praying people bless,
Restore them to thy righteousness,
  Reach out thy gracious hand;
Their cause in every clime sustain,
And favour their return again,
  Into the promised land

Those captive tribes regard them still,
And all thy faithfulness reveal,
Thy "banish'd ones" restore:
Let them their great deliverer know,
And bid the nations let them go
To be oppress no more.

When shall that joyful time draw near,
That Israel shall again appear,
With all the Gentile race?
When all earth's sons like streams shall glide,
In one full universal tide,
And find redeeming grace.

Lord, art thou not on Israel's side,
And shall he not in thee confide,
And trust in thee alone?
Thou Captain of the scatter'd host,
O bring again those tribes once lost,
And form them into one.

Behold them now with trembling stand,
Waiting to hear thy high command,
And pass them o'er the flood;
Forbid the waves' tumultuous roar,
And lead thy faithful people o'er,
Where once their fathers stood.

Thy holy promise to fulfil,
Say to the sun and moon, "stand still;"
All enemies destroy;
Prostrate the towering walls again,
Nor let one Canaanite remain
Thy people to annoy.

Renew again the ancient soil,
The corn, the wine, the palm, and oil,
And clusters of the vine:
May flocks and herds unnumber'd feed,
On every landscape, vale and mead,
Where changeless summers shine.

In blessing make them truly blest,
Give them a happy, final rest,
And all their joys increase;
The sighing cheer, the captive free,
Bring in the glorious jubilee
Of universal peace.

FOR DIVINE FAVOUR.

SAVIOUR, inspire my heart to pray,
With influence from above;
And to my longing soul convey
The beauties of thy love.

Whene'er I bow my trembling knee
Before thy mercy-seat,
Let each communication be
Exceeding full and sweet.

Subdue and tranquillize the mind,
Its tumults all suppress;
And mould it in a form most kind,
Perfect in holiness.

In me display (though frail and weak)
  The gracious change divine;
O thou, who once of old didst speak
  The water into wine.

Say unto me, "wilt thou be whole?"
  Then bid me rise and go;
Let all my powers feel thy control,
  Thy full salvation know.

To thee alone I all commend,
  Whose years remain the same;
Call me a child, a brother, friend,
  Or aught that bears thy name.

No mines of gold, nor fame, nor power,
  Nor thrones, do I desire;
God is the object I adore,
  His love I most desire.

For this I humbly bow my knee,
  Before the eternal throne;
Nothing I ask, can nothing see,
  But Jesus' love alone.

Strengthen my heart, O Lord, in this,
  More perfectly to know;
The fulness of that heavenly bliss
  Thou only can'st bestow.

Give the full measure of it now,
  Each hindrance far remove;
Cause my full soul to overflow,
  With Jesus' dying love

May the clear visions of thy grace
  Break sweetly o'er my soul;
And let me see unveil'd thy face,
  Whose power all worlds control.

O bring me where I shall reside,
  My Saviour to adore;
Where saints and seraphs, side by side,
  Sing praises evermore.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IN MEMORY OF REV. LAWRENCE M'COMBS.

ANOTHER mighty prince is slain,
  Our brother sleeps beneath his shield;
His sword, that never turn'd again,
  Lies fallen on the battle field;
The well contested strife is o'er,
The war to be renew'd no more.

On Zion's walls he long has stood,
  And o'er the rocky mountains trod;
And through the vales by field and flood,
  Preaching the mighty truths of God;
And thousands felt the inspiring flame,
When he proclaim'd his Master's name.

Go, thou great chieftain of the field,
  Thy triumphs all shall follow thee;
Go, and exchange thy sword and shield
  For crowns of star-gemm'd brilliancy;
The tumult of the war is done,
The victory gain'd, the conquest won.

"Well done," thou servant of the Lord,
  Faithful in Jesus' loved employ;
Go and receive thy great reward,
  Enter into thy Master's joy;
To thee attendant guards are given,
The chariots, and the host of heaven.

Daughters of Israel, weep again,
  Your glory on the earth lies spread;
How is the Lord's anointed slain!
  Number'd with the illustrious dead;
He did unto the mount repair,
And Heaven came down and met him there.

'T is done, his toils and sufferings close,
  Nor heaves his tranquil heart a sigh;
His dust lies slumbering in repose,
  His spirit has gone up on high;
The good, the faithful, and the blest,
Has enter'd his eternal rest.

EARTH IS NOT OUR HOME

Man is admonish'd from his birth,
His treasure not to lay on earth,
  'T is not his home!
Design'd he is for climes more kind,
Form'd more congenial to his mind,
  In worlds to come.

The earlier prospects of the soul,
Fly, as the years successive roll,
Nor long remain;
We cling to life's illusive dream,
Which, as the onward passing stream,
Ne'er turns again.

Revolving seasons flee away,
From gorgeous bloom, to sere decay;
As clouds they pass;—
Or like the autumnal leaves they fall,
And time insatiate moulders all,
In one dense mass.

The sweetest friendships that allure,
Do seldom very long endure,
But soon as found,
Some power unseen, forbids their stay,
And the stern mandate all obey,
The circle round.

Children and sires, each one pursue,
Whole generations follow too,
The same sad call;
Nothing resists th' impetuous tide,
Which sweeps the world from side to side,
And prostrates all.

Though few the years we here remain,
We are not form'd to hope in vain,
Some happier day;

The soul may find a blissful clime
Beyond the wasting power of time,
Far from decay.

Earth was design'd for worms, the range,
Ere to the chrysalis they change,—
When plumed they fly
The stars beyond, to that loved scene,
Where, clad in dazzling gold and green,
They wing the sky.

There, in serene ethereal bowers,
To drink the nectar from those flowers,
That ever bloom;
Where pain, and death, and time are past,
And kindred spirits meet at last,
In heaven their home.

ON HEARING A ROBIN.

I HEAR the Robin's morning lay,
And something in his song
Brings to my mind a train of thought,
Of years when I was young.

The mountain's bluff, the valleys low,
The murmuring stream along;
The frequent range and ramble round,
In years when I was young.

The distant horn, the sounding flail,
  The flocks and herds in throng;
I recollect those rural scenes,
  Of years when I was young.

The circling round of youthful friends,
  As vines with clusters hung;
The fire that in their bosoms glow'd,
  In years when I was young.

Sweet little Redbreast, how I love
  Those warblings of thy tongue,
And all the retrospect they bring,
  Of years when I was young.

But scenes and friends of earlier days
  With time have roll'd along;
And memory only calls to mind
  The years when I was young.

Life with its varied scenes have changed
  I feel it in my song;
But Robin warbles just the same,
  As when I once was young.

ADDRESS TO MY WIFE.

A WISH.

S——, I wish thee good and kind,
Rich in virtues of the mind;
May thy breast become the place
Where enshrined dwells every grace.
Pure may all thy motives be,
Far from all corruption free;
All thy acts, and words, and ways,
Claim their proper meed of praise;
Truly may thy heart possess
All the charms of holiness;
All the bliss that grace can give,
In thy bosom ever live;
May the Saviour's kindest love
O'er thy best affections move;
And its kindling, glowing fire,
All thy faculties inspire;
Keep thee free from all offence,
Clothed with purest innocence.
Then as days and years decline,
Brighter may thy graces shine;
More and more the beams of light,
Gild the shades of nature's night,
Till our days are ended here,
And heaven's pearly gates appear,
Then may some sweet cherub band
Wing thee to the promised land.

IN MEMORY OF TWO BELOVED CHILDREN,

Who died at Wilmington, Del., 1834. MARY ADELINE, *aged two years and four months;* CAROLINE, *aged seven months. Both occupy the same grave, at the Methodist Church, Wilmington, Del.*

How sweetly do our children lie,
  The low and mould'ring dust their bed;
Their peaceful bosoms heave no sigh,
  'Midst the calm slumbers of the dead.

I love the spot where they repose,
  Round which full many a charm I see,
And every leaf that o'er them grows,
  Becomes an object dear to me.

I value what the grave contains,
  Those forms on nature's breast reclined;
And their memorial still remains,
  Engraven deeply on my mind.

My fond remembrance oft recalls
  The blissful hours we used to share;
And still their prattling accent falls
  With sweet delight upon my ear.

As some luxuriant foliaged vine,
  A thousand circling folds impart;
So do those lingering spirits twine
  Round the affections of my heart.

As trees in beauteous vernal flower,
  Surrounded by a blighting air;
God moved them into his own bower,
  To flourish more securely there.

Like dew-drops trembling on the spray,
  To them a transient hour was given;
"The sunbeams" at the opening day,
  "Exhaled them," and they went to heaven.

And what the turf-grown moulds enclose,
  Shall soon more splendidly arise;
And those loved objects shall compose
  A glorious order in the skies.

When Time shall stop in his career,
  And God reanimate our dust;
That welcome hour shall then appear,
  The resurrection of the just.

FRIENDSHIP.

I LOVE a faithful friend indeed,
  Sincere, and kind, and full of grace;
Who serves me in the time of need,
  Whate'er my circumstance or place.

What is this world, when friendships cease
  What are its honours, wealth, and fame?
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its peace,
  Are nothing but a bubbling name.

How poor the friendless monarch is,
  Though master of a splendid throne;
Who claims no portion of that bliss,
  True friendship furnishes alone.

There is a hallow'd shade assign'd,
  Devoid of every anxious care;
And friendly, kindred spirits find,
  A sweet and cheerful mingling there.

Friendship is not "an empty name,"
  A mere bewildering, false decoy,
It is a soul-inspiring flame,
  And full of every virtuous joy.

'T is like the hidden golden mine,
  Deeply embosom'd in the earth,
The ordeal makes it brighter shine,
  And various moulds improve its worth.

We often, by a false remove,
  Leave space where vile suspicions play;
Which change the mind disposed to love,
  And friendships vanish far away.

Free intercourse those views dispel,
  And all our kindly thoughts restore;
And few can e'en the reason tell,
  Why they were never friends before.

'T is obvious this, the "far between,"
  The difference makes in human kind;
And men to each as foes are seen,
  Who otherwise are one in mind.

I love an interchange of mind,
  An honest, generous, circling round;
I love such faithful friends to find,
  And have them every where abound.

THE SUMMER'S EVENING.

I GAZE with exceeding delight,
  On a clear summer's evening sky;
When the sun sheds his last tints of light,
  With graceful effulgence on high.

The clouds, with white towering crest,
  As on the soft air they recline,
Are all in rich elegance drest,
  And in golden embroidery shine.

All nature is hush'd to a calm,
  Not a sigh doth encumber the breeze,
While a sweet and ethereal charm
  Extends o'er the earth and the seas.

The storms have in silence retired,
  To rest on Oblivion's shore;
The tumults of earth have expired,
  And life's toilsome service is o'er.

Magnificent emblem indeed,
  When the Christian's last victories shine;
And he, with an archangel's speed,
  Ascends to an empire divine.

Unspeakable glories imbue,
And crimson his horizon round;
And bring those bright worlds into view,
Where pleasures forever abound.

'T is a scene of all others sublime,
Such as heaven alone can display;
The ultimate bound'ry of time,
The dawning of infinite day.

THE EVENING.

How lovely is the beauteous charm,
Extending o'er the azure sky;
The summer evening's pleasing calm,
And softest sigh.

The fleecy gold-tinged clouds serene,
Recumbent on the expansive air;
With so magnificent a scene,
What can compare?

The blooming vales, the hills around,
And glebes with gay luxuriance teem;
The groves with graceful foliage crown'd,
Refulgent seem.

High on the mountain's dingy brow,
Where rests the sun's last trembling ray;
Thousands of nameless splendours glow
In bright display.

The sea, beyond the lengthen'd lines
  Which separate it from the sky;
In deep dark slumbering waves reclines,
  Nor heaves a sigh.

The transient glimmering twilight spreads
  A kind, composing, gentle gleam;
And "parting day" with mildness sheds
  Its lingering beam.

The murmurings from th' unwearied rill,
  Fall in sweet accents on the ear;
The toils which did the hamlet fill,
  All disappear.

The village occupants retire,
  As night upon the hills comes down;
While pure and plenteous joys conspire
  Their days to crown.

Happy the undisturb'd retreat
  To which the labourer plods his way;
Where cheerful countenances greet
  The closing day.

Calm unaffected silence reigns,
  Save when the night-bird's cry is given;
Far as earth's utmost verge sustains
  The vaulted heaven.

'T is evening! and a solemn pause
  Appears on all the world imprest;
Form'd by the great Eternal cause,
  As nature's rest.

Delightful emblem of life's close,
  Precursor of immortal joy;
When God shall give the soul repose,
        In worlds on high.

ON PROVIDENCE.

Ah! how incompetent is man,
Heaven's ways inscrutable to scan,
        With powers so small;
Clouds of impenetrable night,
Obscure those ways from mortal sight,
        And ever shall.

Men reason about providence,
From objects that affect the sense,
        Than which is found
Nothing in all the range of thought,
In folly's darkest mazes wrought,
        That 's less profound.

The things which gloomy aspects wear,
Destruction do not always bear;
        But in disguise,
God doth more specially display
Superior wisdom, and convey
        His rare supplies.

Earth's loneliest chasms do unfold
Rich and extensive veins of gold,
        Of wealth, our store;

And from the rudest quarries wrought,
The highly polish'd stones are brought,
For dome and tower.

In wildest deserts far from view,
Are flowers of every varied hue,
And beauteous form;
And in the ocean's caverns lie
Gems of the richest, purest dye,
Immersed in storms.

From turf-grown rocks, ill shapen, too,
Do crystal streams meand'ring flow,
O'er meadows green;
And fertilizing as they pass,
Adorn with flowers and verdant grass,
The whole terrene.

Mingled with clods and shapeless moulds,
A solitary seed unfolds,
(Graceful and strong,)
The stately monarch of the wood,
Where many warbling wild-birds brood,
The boughs among.

I've seen a dreary winter bring
A cheerful, lovely, fruitful spring,
Blooming and gay;
The landscapes bright'ning to the eye,
The stream's soft murmur, and the sigh,
Where zephyrs play.

I 've seen the beating storms of rain,
Which drench'd the hills and swept the plain,
With tumult wild;
But when the infuriate blast was done,
In beaming majesty, the sun
Made nature smile.

I 've seen the seaman spread his sail,
And catch the brisk and driving gale,
To scud before,
His barque, the sooner to obtain
(Beyond the tempest-foaming main,)
The destined shore.

On the poor beggar at the gate,
Attendant bands of angels wait,
From heaven sent down;
To guide to endless bliss an heir,
With legions, cherubic to share
A splendid crown.

While others, friendless and obscure,
Hardships unnumber'd may endure,
Nor these alone;
But in the lapse of time, may claim
Enlarged possessions to their name,
Perhaps a throne!

I 've seen the Christian worn and poor,
At life's last shady, pensive hour,
Exulting lie;
While round him cheerful voices sung,
And heaven's soft music sweetly strung,
Ascended high.

I 've seen him slumbering with the dead,
When evening's twilight shades had fled,
Pallid and cold;
Yet those frail ashes shall assume,
Beyond the empire of the tomb,
A deathless mould.

Far from time's perishable sway,
In cloudless and perennial day,
There to engage
With seraphs, in a chant of love,
In heavenly form to shine, and move
Undimm'd by age.

Then, say not that each providence
Some ruin bears to drive us hence;
For God assigns
A solace that shall soothe the breast,
A place of perfect peace and rest,
For noble minds.

The things inexplicable here,
Shall there, a different aspect wear,
The throne before;
In wisdom God hath made them all,
And wondering millions ever shall
His name adore.

The period, too, approaches near,
When with those objects once so dear,
But long gone hence;
In heaven's vast sphere, we shall combine
To scan the wonderful design
Of Providence.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

How pleasing the scenes of our youth,
  How gaily the seasons pass by;
What charms have conspired to smooth
  The current of innocent joy!

The woodland's luxuriant display,
  So gracefully mantled in green;
The hills clothed in lovely array,
  Where the beauties of nature were seen.

How rich were the songs of the grove,
  What multitudes join'd in the lay!
Those sweet recollections I love,
  And the scenes that have passed away.

What melody flow'd from their song,
  The strain and the warble how fine!
The hills bore the echo along,
  Responding to every line.

The paternal domestic abode,
  I love to remember it still;
The barn, by the side of the road,
  And the brook with its murmuring rill.

The ancient abode of my sire,
  What pleasing enchantment was there
As we closed round the family fire,
  Our mutual pleasures to share.

Our hymns, how we sang them together
  And melody sweetest did raise,
When led by our sire and mother,
  In the family concert of praise.

And then as we bowed around
  The family altar and pray'd;
With our parents have frequently found,
  Abundance of goodness display'd.

How full of devotion the prayer,
  How fervently sent to the throne!
How gratefully flowed the tear,
  How ample the benefit shown!

But scenes of my youth have all fled,
  Those juvenile pleasures are o'er;
My parents are both of them dead,
  And the family circle's no more.

Yet, though the original's gone,
  To exist as a circle no more;
Each child forms a circle alone,
  A branch from the circle before.

The altar and song to sustain,
  May each be inspired by love;
Then all an high station obtain,
  In the family circle above.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Is there bliss to be found in these regions below,
Where care forms no arrow envenom'd to throw?
A rose from the wild-briar free?
Where the mind dwells remote from ambition's extreme,
And peace sheds her soft and munificent beam?
'Tis the cottage that stands near some murmuring stream,
With a kind peaceful family.

No honours they court from the lords of mankind,
No pleasures beyond what at home they may find,
A frugal, but competent cheer;
No profusion of glittering wealth do they crave,
But life's blooming comforts they constantly have,
As the fruit of their toils which they prudently save,
And with generous simplicity share.

There 's a richness of virtue ennobles their hearts,
Improved by the graces religion imparts,
And charms that with innocence blend;
The demon of ill from the circle is driven,
And each grateful bosom receives what is given,
(With perfect delight) as the bounty of heaven,
Which providence pleases to send.

When the sweet breathing morn lights its earliest ray,
And the dew-drops like pearls gem the new rising day,
They all bow the suppliant knee;
And then with an ardour which heav'n doth inspire,
Their devotions ascend, and awaked is the lyre,
As if kindled again were the primitive fire,
Which prophets in vision did see.

Free, unrestrain'd friendship is warmly express'd,
And each with the fondest benevolence blest,
In mutual harmony move;
The parents direct with affectionate sway,
And guide their loved charge with the mildest display,
And thus glide most happy their seasons away,
A circle of pleasure and love.

Where pure unaffected simplicity 's found,
And kindness, and social contentment abound,
With genuine piety join'd;
In the castle or cot, on the mountain or plain,
True bliss doth acquire a perpetual reign,
And Eden's loved bowers all blooming again,
To a cheerful and virtuous mind.

MUTABILITY OF LIFE.

The season was lovely and clear,
Not a speck hid the firmament's blue;
The soft tinge of dawn did appear,
And earth was impearl'd with the dew.

The first opening blush of the morn,
Dispers'd the dark shadows of night;
The sun did all nature adorn,
With pure and empyreal light.

The hills and the valleys display'd
A view most inviting and fair;
The groves were superbly array'd,
And sweetly embalm'd was the air.

A stillness ethereal spread
  Its hallow'd enchantment around;
Save when the stream's murmur was heard,
  Or the tremulous echo's rebound.

Such grandeur the world did assume,
  In exquisite order disposed;
So rich was the elegant bloom,
  Luxuriant nature disclosed.

But soon did these brilliances fade,
  This beautiful order decay,
The charms which so cheerfully play'd,
  Now rapidly hasten'd away.

For a cloud which had vagrantly stray'd,
  Came so unexpectedly o'er,
The sun became veil'd in the shade,
  And nature seem'd lovely no more.

The skies, which before were serene,
  Did lower with fierce tempests around;
The storms shook this verdant terrene,
  And clothed it in darkness profound.

So frail were those visions of sense,
  So transient and feeble their day;
They dawn'd, and ere noon vanish'd hence,
  In the 'midst of the gorgeous array.

And thus appear all that's earth-born!
  How florid the dawn of their years!
How gay and transporting the morn,—
  But strangely the whole disappears.

What a wonderful change is produced,
  In the mind, in the world, and our friends,
We scarce know in which it is most,
  Or the bound'ries to which it extends.

In the days of our youthful delight,
  While the halcyon months did remain;
What pleasures then feasted our sight,
  Which never shall greet us again!

But soon we shall gaze on that bliss,
  The Heaven of Heavens contains,
Where joy far more permanent is,
  And undisturb'd pleasure remains.

The faint glimmering beauties of time,
  Which but for a moment endure,
Compared with those regions sublime,
  Possess not a grace to allure.

There clouds never spread their dark shade,
  Nor tempests endanger that shore;
Those heavenly landscapes ne'er fade,
  And the changing of seasons is o'er.

Those realms of ineffable light,
  Yield a balmy, elysian air;
The day is eternally bright,
  And new and full glories appear.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Why do the loveliest seasons fly,
  No longer seen, no longer known?
Why is the range of earth and sky,
  Like as a transient vision gone?
'Tis Time, with unmolested sway,
Removes those lovely scenes away!

Life, as a fine majestic oak,
  Stretches its stately boughs around;
Then falls beneath the fatal stroke,
  And spreads its foliage on the ground;
Time, with a rude, remorseless sway,
Scatters our feeble life away.

I saw the blooming sons of God,
  Sustain'd by earth, and rear'd by heaven;
I saw them spread their tents abroad,
  And then from all these pleasures driven,
Relentless Time, with ruthless sway,
Drove all those blooming sons away.

I saw the earth, a charming scene,
  With hills and vales resplendent drest;
With groves and fields of lovely green,
  And flocks and herds with plenty blest;
But Time, with wanton, reckless sway,
Remov'd those beauteous scenes away.

I saw the glittering, rolling, spheres,
  Ranging the sky with cloudless light;
When in the lapse of wasting years,
  They set in everlasting night;
'T was Time, that bore such boundless sway,
That swept those radiant orbs away.

At length old Time was pensive laid,
  As lowering o'er this wreck of things;
And feeble were the attempts he made,
  To spread again his pendent wings;
Eternal Ages, claim'd the sway,
And put insatiate Time away.

I saw those mighty ruins, all
  Convulsive move, with dreadful throes;
I heard a voice impulsive call,
  And a new earth and heaven arose;
'T was God, who did his sceptre sway,
And introduced eternal day.

I saw the illustrious dead assume
  Immortal life in realms divine;
I saw, through ages yet to come,
  Unfolding scenes of glory shine;
Where endless life obtains the sway,
And Time, and Death are done away.

I saw unnumbered millions dwell
  In glorious climes of boundless love;
Where angels' anthems sweetly swell,
  Respondent through the courts above;
Where pure unchanging bliss is given,
  The high, eternal joys of heaven.

MUTABILITY OF TIME.

MAN is not destined long to stay
Where first he breathes—perhaps a day,
Or hour alone!
This life is but a passing place,—
To worlds beyond we run the race,
And soon 'tis done!

Why should we then indulge a sigh,
If ills we meet, or pleasures fly?
This cannot last!
'Tis but a momentary strife,—
We breathe, and then we end our life,
And all is past.

As flow the rivers to the sea,
So time glides swift from you and me,
'Tis gone, how soon!
Ourselves, yea, more! a hapless race,
Shall lie involved in Death's embrace,
Perhaps ere noon!

This world is but the wreck of souls!
Where the rough sea in tumult rolls
Its fearful wave;
But heaven ere this a place has reared,
With pure celestial bloom prepared,
Beyond the grave.

Life's genial current, stay it must,
And earth again resume our dust,
Till time shall cease;

And O! how sweet the sound I hear!
More glorious shall our dust appear,
In realms of peace.

After we shall resign our breath,
And moulder to the stroke of death;
We hope to find
A pure and happier world of bliss,
Where we shall greet the "fond of peace,"
In climes more kind.

Why then complain of transient things,
Time lends to life his wide-spread wings
To waft us on;
And by those sweeping pinions driven,
Fleet as the wind we mount to heaven,
And soon are gone.

Fly then, ye moments! swifter far
Than the pale gleam, when shoots a star—
There's nought to lose;
Life in perennial grandeur waits,
And when we pass the empyrean gates,
There is repose.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

THERE is a moment, when the toys
Of earthly grandeur please no more;
A season when the alluring joys,
Of all earth's transient scenes are o'er!

There is a time of threatening storms,
  When splendid rites no succour give;
Nor creed, nor incense-breathing forms,
  Our anxious bosoms can relieve.

'Tis when the tender cords that bind
  Our souls to earth at once give way,
And when our feeble spirits find
  Of life the last, faint, glimmering ray.

Tremendous sight! when the lone soul,
  Stands trembling on the verge of time!
To plunge where death's dark billows roll,
  Or rise to heaven's immortal clime.

What can this solemn scene control,
  Or make the feeble-minded brave?
Or what can cheer the curfew's toll,
  Or chase the terrors from the grave?

There is a heavenly power above,
  Which sheds a halo round the tomb;
There is a charm in Jesus' love,
  That sweetly guides believers home.

HOPE.

Hope is the refuge of the mind,
  A sacred pledge of mercy given;
The richest boon that mortals find
  This side of heaven.

Hope is of origin divine,
  Expressly sent to man's abode;
And radiant glories round her shine,
  The light of God!

Delightful Hope! its lovely sound
  Conveys a charm to every place;
And countless millions oft have found,
  In Hope, a grace.

'Tis Hope contributes to our peace,
  It gives the languid spirits tone;
And many taste superior bliss,
  In Hope alone!

Hope seldom shows her beauteous form
  Among the circles of the great;
But 'midst the dark and reckless storm,
  Appears in state.

Hope sheds her rich and brighter beams,
  In deep distress, and toils and pains;
And comforts flow in generous streams,
  While Hope remains.

Far in the mountain's shady bower,
  By falling streams, in deep defiles,
'Tis Hope relieves the tedious hour,
  With graceful smiles.

The sons of light pursue their way,
  And sing in hope "thy kingdom come;"
And onward move without delay,
  To reach their home.

If foes a threatening aspect wear,
As clouds in furious order driven;
'T is Hope assists those ills to bear,
And points to heaven.

Should life be as a troubled stream,
Inclined to murmur as it flows;
And earthly bliss be like a dream
Without repose:

Hope, like the glimmering rays of light
That beam upon the morning sky,
Points to those heavenly scenes more bright,
In worlds on high.

Its charms do light and cheer the way
That leads to happiness at last;
That glorious and eternal day,
When time is past.

THE RAMBLE.

I LOVE the morning's softer rays,
When nature breathes in gentle sighs;
And dew-drops glitter on the sprays,
And milder sun-beams gild the skies.

I love to see the valleys glow,
With glimmering beauties to the eye;
When the far distant mountain's brow,
Seems like a basement to the sky.

The rising hills, the streams that flow,
  And fertile lands adorned with green;
And groves where lofty elm-trees grow,
  Are all in beauteous order seen.

There, numerous, cheerful creatures sing,
  While to the vales they oft repair,
Or by the streams, or on the wing,
  They skim along the yielding air.

On the extended, grassy plain,
  Where scatter'd shade-trees spread their boughs,
Or near the fountain's gentle drain,
  Reclining flocks and herds repose.

Deeply embower'd in shrubs and trees,
  The peaceful, well-stored farm-house stands;
'Midst grain-fields waving in the breeze,
  And fruits from highly cultured lands.

Rural retreat! abode of bliss!
  Where pure domestic charms abound;
A welcome scene of happiness,
  Within the blest inclosure's found.

I love a morning ramble well,
  The early warbling of the groves;
I love to hear the tinkling bell,
  As from the distant fold it moves.

To range about the flowering hills,
  The towering cliffs, and valleys low;
To stray beside the murmuring rills,
  Where shady clustering willows grow.

Amidst the groves and forest shade,
  The meadows green, and fields of corn;
The fruitful farms, and opening glade,
  And the rich harvest newly shorn.

The sweet, the clover'd passing breeze,
  The sounding flail, and "echoing horn;"
The woodman's stroke, and falling trees,
  And all the mingled hum of morn.

Or, from the mountain's granite side,
  View all the villages below;
The river's winding, onward glide,
  Where thickly foliaged woodlands grow

That heavenly tinge, the clear blue sky,
  The blush upon its borders seen;
The gold-embroidered clouds, which lie
  So tranquil on the air serene.

I love all nature where are seen,
  The soaring wing, the silken worm;
The azure heavens, and earth of green,
  Each in its native beauteous form.

TO H. B.

H——H, 'tis said you court the muse,
With aspirations quite profuse,
  When favoured with a vision:
May you its friendliness retain,
And spend within the bower again,
  Its rich and sweet elysian.

I wish that you would undertake
Some good description of your lake,
With graceful woodlands crowned;
The button-tree beneath whose shade,
Your youthful gambols once were play'd,
With circling throng around.

The rural homestead on the green,
The garden and the well between,
With orchard, barn, and gate;
The preacher's house, the winding lane,
With fields of different kinds of grain,
Their beauties and their state.

The glorious sun doth seldom shine
On lovelier meads, or groves more fine,
Than round thy dwelling place;
The sloping vale, the rising hill,
The foliage sweet, and murmuring rill,
Each give to each a grace.

The robin redbreast warbles still,
The blue-birds and the whip-poor-will,
Those songsters of the wing;
The chirping cricket partly hid,
The pee-wee, and the caty-did,
Make all the forest ring.

Lovely and gay whom all admire,
Doth Flora, robed in rich attire,
With fragrant beauty stand;

The butter-cups and violets blue,
And flowers of every varied hue,
Enamel all the land.

Nor would I pass with careless eye,
That splendid scene, the evening sky,
Grandeur, supreme, immense!
When the bright sun retires to rest,
And heaven in flaming gold is drest,
With rich magnificence.

Sing that stupendous power which made
Those beauteous scenes, and widely spread
This infinite array;
May He thy gentle muse inspire,
Wake your loved harp, and tune your lyre
In all its full display.

MEMORY OF REV. JOHN CREAMER.

Our friend has gone! his lifeless clay
Lies mouldering to the judgment day,
In sweet repose; his cold remains
The deep damp vault in trust retains;
Calm as the summer's evening smile,
Retiring from a world of toil,

He sunk to rest, in endless peace,
Where all the storms of nature cease.

His mind, when fill'd with love and grace,
Presented charms in every place;
In him the virtues found a shrine,
And form'd his friendly soul divine;
Pure unaffected goodness spread
Distinguish'd lustre round his head;
While heaven did bounteously impart
A gracious influence to his heart.

He, as the minister of love,
Drew his resources from above;
And all his powers combined to raise
A tribute to redeeming grace.
His ardent soul enraptured bore
His Master's name from door to door;
And grace had such an impulse given,
He walk'd on earth, and lived in heaven.

As Christian, husband, parent, friend,
He did unnumber'd virtues blend;
His name shall stand on history's page,
Among the worthies of the age;
And faithful friends shall speak his worth,
While he lies slumbering in the earth;
And when immortal crowns are given,
God will approve his name in heaven.

THE SLAVE.

"Where Freedom dwells, there is my Country."

FREEDOM 's the offspring of the skies,
  The noblest boon to mortals given,
The source of those inspiring joys,
  That cheer the good man's way to heaven;
But freedom weeps in lands her own,
O'er millions that in slavery groan.

See, what an interesting band!
  Bound by affection's strongest ties;
Parents and lovely children stand,
  Pledged by an order from the skies;
Yet these as slaves are bought and sold,
Through man's insatiate lust for gold.

And hear ye not their mournful cries,
  Which fall impulsive on the ear?
Portentous as the clouds that rise,
  And dismal as the storms they bear?
In realms where freedom's banners wave,
A fellow man is made a slave.

The soil our gallant fathers gain'd,
  Through floods of tears and streams of blood;
Who once the well-fought field maintain'd,
  And hosts of veteran foes withstood;

And mighty gifts their valour gave,
To all, except the negro slave.

Land of the brave! where splendid rise,
  The noblest institutions known;
Where science pours her rich supplies,
  And rears her temples of renown;
Yet here is kept a hapless race
Consign'd to slavery and disgrace.

Columbia! where true Christians dwell,
  Friends of the suffering and opprest;
Whose bosoms with compassion swell,
  Angels of God to all distrest;
Yet here, whom Jesus loves and saves,
By Christian men are sold as slaves.

Heralds of universal love,
  Who freedom preach to all mankind,
And point to radiant scenes above,
  Where all eternal life may find;
Yet solemn as this truth remains,
These also hold the slave in chains.

Freedom's illustrious advocates,
  Patriots, statesmen, and divines;
Within the bounds of their estates,
  The poor enslaved negro pines!
Far from his native kindred skies,
He groans in slavery and dies.

But ah! the pleasing charm of hope,
  Those scenes of woe will soon be past;
And God himself will lift him up
  And much loved freedom come at last:
And high in heaven eternally,
The captive shall be ever free.

OUR NATION.

Thou great Eternal and Supreme,
We would adore thy holy name;
In dust and ashes reverence give,
To thee in whom we move and live.

Thou chose beyond the oppressor's rage,
For us a goodly heritage;
Profusion smiled the seasons round,
And peace each lovely hamlet crown'd.

Religion pure with cheerful smile,
Dispersed our fears, and charm'd our toil;
Alluring to that high abode,
The holy dwelling place of God.

"The mountain of the Lord" did rise,
Robed in the vestments of the skies;
While clouds of mercies passing o'er,
Diffused their gifts from shore to shore.

But we regret to feel and see
Our want of faithfulness to thee;
How flagrantly have we pursued
A course of vile ingratitude.

Pollutions of a dye profound,
Darken our horizon around,
Obscuring with a fearful gloom,
Our prospects for the years to come.

Pardon, O Lord, our vast offence,
Fill us with holy penitence;
Form'd for thyself, O may we be
A people sanctified to thee.

Jeshurun's God! do thou preside,
Our nation o'er from side to side;
Blest may our institutions be,
To us and our posterity.

Guardian of worlds! with us abide,
Where the hills rise or currents glide;
May heavenly power our bliss secure,
While nations stand, or years endure.

CONSCIENCE.

The conscience, what? a trembling vane to find
The various, moral currents of the mind;
To indicate whence all our actions flow,
The features of our powers perceptive show;

An inward monitor to mortals given,
That points the course which leads us up to heaven.
Thus, some affirm, and making this their guide
Presume they need no other means beside,
No gracious change, no Saviour to atone,
Beyond the conscience uninspired alone;
But calm, reflecting reason would suggest
A mode, judicious, how this fact to test;
Some evidence to show that God design'd
That conscience should itself direct the mind.
Suppose it thus, a sentinel within,
T' announce the first, direct approach of sin;
Each virtuous thought and action to approve,
Or check our wanderings when inclined to rove.
A telegraph to cautious mortals given,
To furnish notice of intelligence from heaven.
But abstract conscience can no power convey,
Laws, not its own, do regulate its way;
The Scriptures only can a standard give,
To which it reference makes for rules to live;
And e'en with Scripture rules, it sometimes will
Strain hard at gnats, and swallow camels still;
So scrupulous now, as not to cross a straw,
Then passing all the obvious bounds of law,
Will serve alike, a Turk, Malay, or Jew,
The Bramin, and untutor'd Indian, too;
Bribed on occasions, will refuse to speak,
Then rule, despotic, on the blushing cheek.
Respect to rites, obsequiously pay,
Then cast them conscientiously away,
All things by turns, subservient to all rules,
The drudge of hypocrites, and scourge of fools.

'T is sometimes sear'd, the Holy Scriptures say,
Harden'd like steel in furnaces which lay;
An evil conscience also is described,
That evils, foul and loathsome, hath imbibed;
Then how can such a faculty dictate
The measures which should holiness create?
Bestow a peace divine, without alloy,
And constantly inspire the soul with joy?
Produce true heavenly-mindedness and grace,
And make the human mind God's dwelling place?
Conscience, itself, requires some rectitude,
True holiness infused to make it good;
It must the Spirit's inspiration gain,
And with the other faculties, be born again,
Cleansed and refined, it may direction give,
And show enlighten'd Christians how to live;
Lead to the love of God, in Christ display'd,
Those courts, accessible through Jesus made.
Some have no faith in Jesus Christ at all,
With such, the voice of conscience must be small;
Whilst others semi-Christians are, at most,
Where conscience is in speculation lost.
Let such for conscience in the abstract plead—
The love of Christ its powers do far exceed;
Conscience can only better things approve,
But he doth dwell in God who dwells in love.
'T is love our faculties can purify,
And every virtuous principle supply,
Subdue each passion, form our lives more even,
And is a prelude to the joys of heaven;
A pure, enlighten'd conscience will approve,
The only way to happiness is love;

A gift alone, the Almighty doth convey,
When sin and guilt are wholly purged away;
An image of the Eternal mind, it is,
A vast, unfathom'd source of perfect bliss.
Then what this love doth dictate, I will do;
This most I 'll shun, *that* most of all pursue;
A love that sanctifies and casts out fear,
And ever indicates God's presence near;
'T is full of holiness, from heaven sent down,
And dwells within the good man's heart alone.
It is a principle that God hath given,
By which the soul is moulded fit for heaven;
The miniature of those blest realms of peace,
Where pure and boundless pleasures never cease;
O may this love my passions all inspire,
And warm my bosom with its sacred fire;
More gloriously illume the heavenly road
Which leads to future happiness and God,
And there, with prostrate cherubim, adore
Its pure, enrapturing charms forevermore.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S LAMENTATION.

Who then will care or mourn for me?
  Who will regard my name or place?
When I am dead, entomb'd shall be
  The last sad remnant of my race.

Like some lone hemlock of the wood,
  By many a storm and tempest beat,
I long have on the mountains stood,
  'Midst winter's cold and summer's heat.

The time was, when with foliage gay,
  And verdant all my branches were;
That many a wild-bird wing'd its way,
  And found a place of nestling there.

My spreading boughs have often been
  Beneath the sultry sky a shade,
And from the furious storm a screen,
  Or place of rural pleasure made.

Round me a thousand blooming trees,
  In fair and beauteous order stood,
That bow'd most graceful to the breeze,
  And hymn'd the music of the wood.

Those partners of my earlier years,
  The young, the vigorous, and the gay;
Unfeeling Time, who nothing spares,
  Has long since far removed away.

Lonely, and drench'd with floods of rain,
  Scathed by the lightning's fearful blow;
I 've bow'd and righted up again,
  Though bent and strain'd in every bough.

And many a cold and wintry day,
  Has chill'd life's fresh and genial flow;
My leaves th' autumnal change display,
  My limbs a wither'd aspect show.

A lone, and shatter'd hemlock now,
  My foliage on the earth lies spread;
Decay'd is every graceful bough,
  And fallen are my leaves, and dead.

A few more passing seasons by,
  This form no more shall shade the ground;
But with its leaves shall prostrate lie,
  And not a remnant shall be found.

And none shall tell the time or place,
  Where once I flourished and stood:
And no one branch of all my race
  Shall occupy my native wood.

Nor flowering bush, nor mossy stone,
  Nor yet a mark'd or shady tree,
Shall make to passing strangers known,
  The least remaining dust of me.

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

Jesus, thy name, how sweet it is,
How full of goodness, and of bliss!
And my full soul shall evermore
Its grace ineffable adore.

Than earth and heaven, with all their store,
My Saviour's name I value more;
In all existence, can there be
An object, Lord, compared with thee?

Jesus, I know thy name is love,
But this may I more fully prove;
And all my powers do thou incline
To love no other name but thine.

I bow, nor will I hence depart,
Till deeply on my soul and heart,
Thy glory and thy name shall be
Engraven for eternity.

Then let life's last dark shadows fall,
Thy name shall be my theme, my all;
And beams of heavenly righteousness
My few declining days shall bless.

THE END.

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